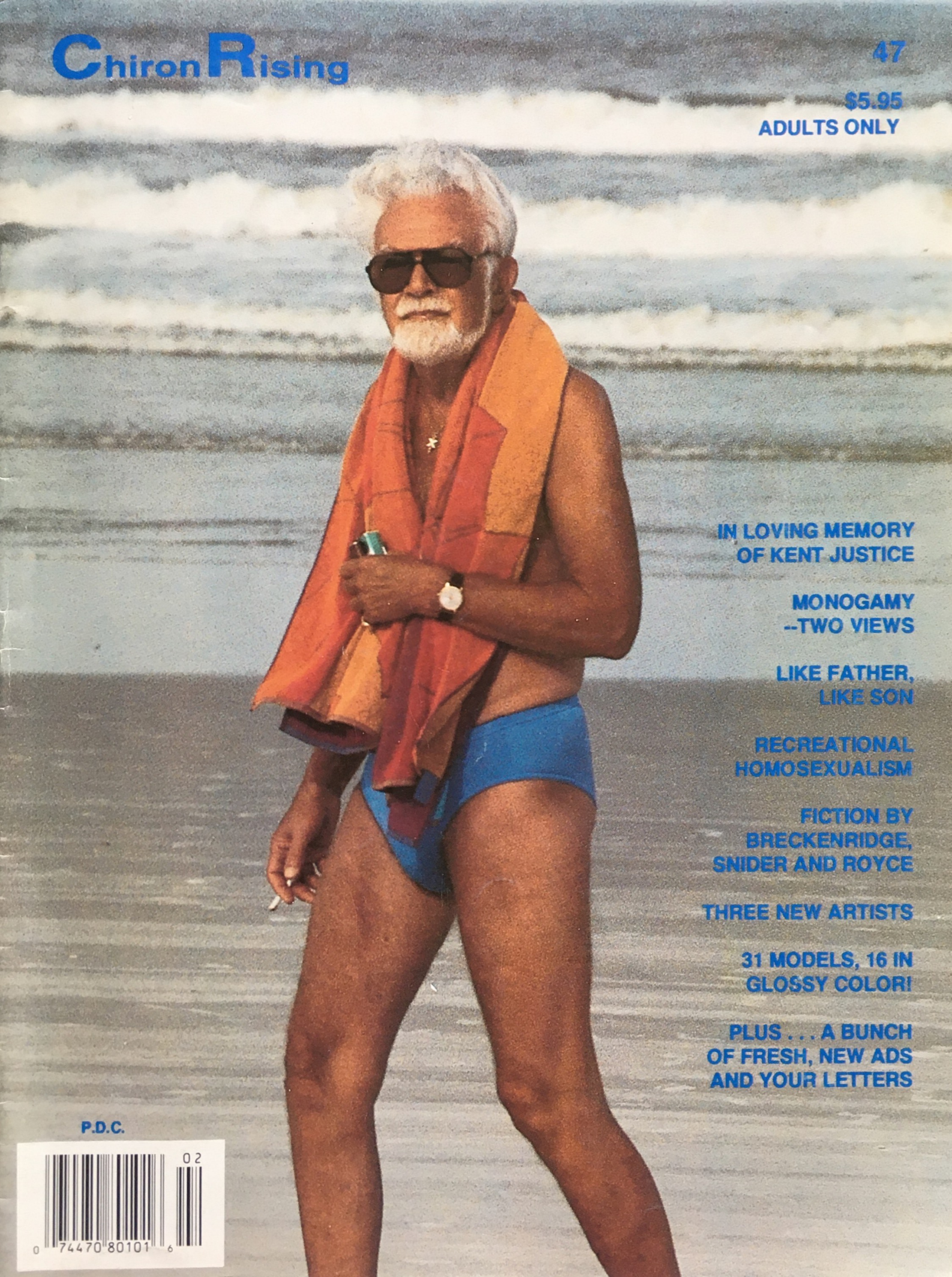
Chiron Rising

47

$5.95
ADULTS ONLY



IN LOVING MEMORY OF KENT JUSTICE

MONOGAMY --TWO VIEWS

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

RECREATIONAL HOMOSEXUALISM

FICTION BY BRECKENRIDGE, SNIDER AND ROYCE

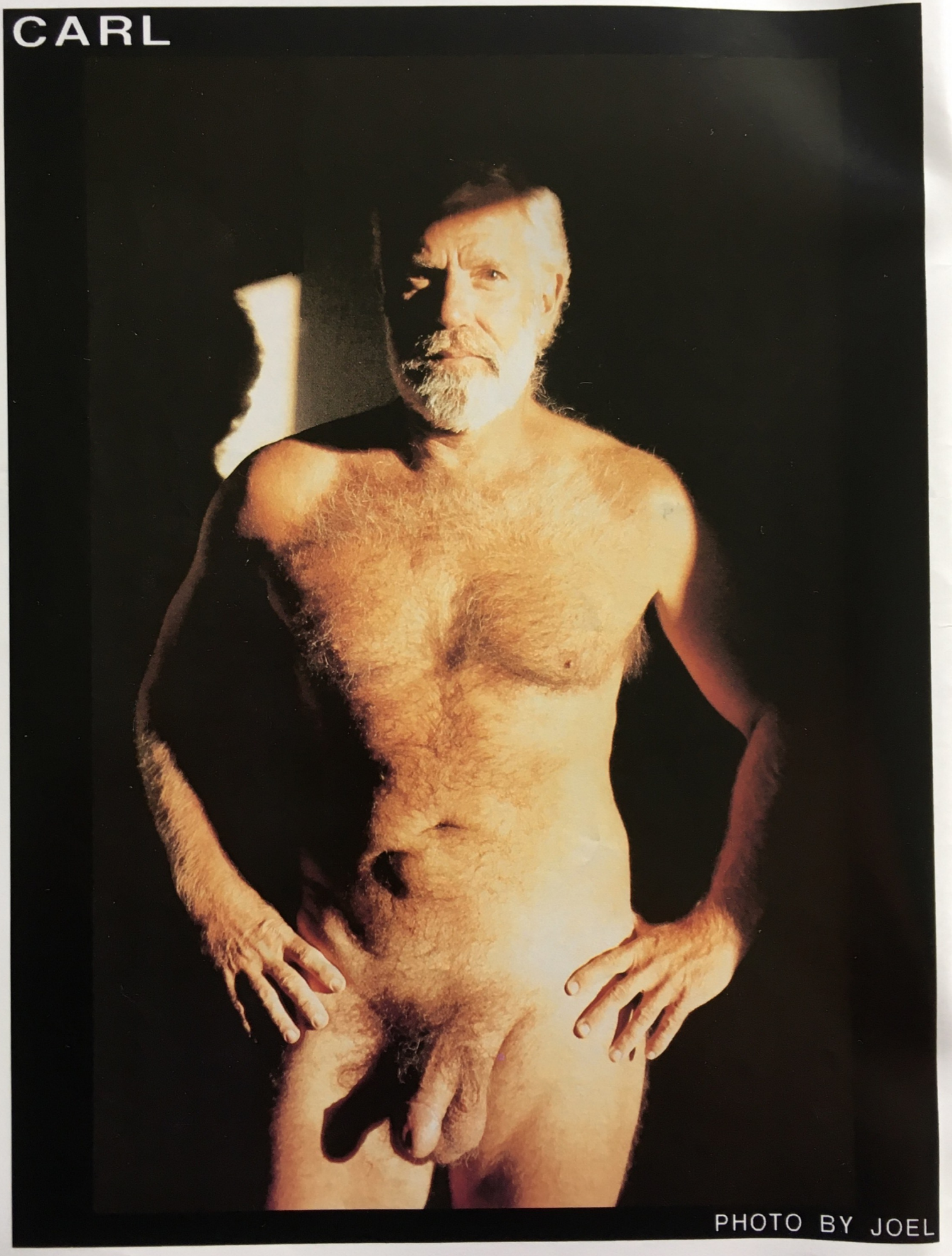
THREE NEW ARTISTS

31 MODELS, 16 IN GLOSSY COLOR!

PLUS . . . A BUNCH OF FRESH, NEW ADS AND YOUR LETTERS

P.D.C.

0 74470 80101 6 02


CARL
PHOTO BY JOEL

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH DIGNIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS AMONG ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER.

CHIRON RISING (ISSN 1059-5244) is published bi-monthly during each even month at Westminster, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $38.00. Editorial offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan. The entire contents of CHIRON RISING are copyright© 1991 by Patrick H. Colley and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in CHIRON RISING is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. The official views of CHIRON RISING are identified as such. Opinions expressed in bylined columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of CHIRON RISING or Patrick H. Colley. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork and fiction featured in this publication are created from imagination, and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All models are over 21 years of age. All correspondence received by CHIRON RISING is considered for publication in our LETTERS section unless otherwise requested by the writer. All correspondence should be addressed to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
The Friar, Kenn Richie, The Viking

COFOUNDERS AND/OR PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS
Abe, D.W. Breckenridge, The Colonel, David, Ex-Logger, Exocet, Fuzztone, Walt Henry, The Heretic, Joe & Harry, Joel, Kemush, Legal Eagle, Quetzal, Ram, Kenn Richie, Pug Snider, Chelsea Williams, Woody & Sean, Xylophang

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

COFOUNDER AND GUIDING LIGHT
Kent Justice

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONT COVER: Model JACK . . . photo by BUZZ & LOU
2 Model CARL
4 LETTERS
9 The cartoons of QUETZAL
10 The Artwork of DAVID
11 Models SILVER FOX and LANDSCAPER
12 The Artwork of MAURICE
13 ANNOUNCEMENTS
14 The Fiction of D.W. BRECKENRIDGE
17 MONOGAMY--TWO VIEWS by ROY and PAPA BEAR
19 Model BLUEJAY
20 Model Couple ED & MEL
21 Models DON and ABE
23 BOOKSTORES
23 HEALTH TIDBITS
24 An Essay by FLORES
25 A True Story by DT
26 Opinion by THE HERETIC
27 Models HORNED TOAD, JOHN OF AUSTRALIA, MR. MANAGER and BIG "D"
28 Models DOUG, I. SAVANT and QUIET WIND
29 Model THE AMISHMAN
30 Model Couple MAC & DENNY; Models PAJS and TAURUS TWO
31 The Fiction of ROYCE
32 The Fiction of PUG SNIDER
35 The Poetry of FUZZTONE
36 COLOR MODEL PROFILES
37 The Cartoons of KEMUSH
38 Models ENIGMA, POTRERO and NEAPOLITAN
39 The Artwork of RAM
40 Model SOONER
41 PERSONAL ADS
45 Model DICK
46 The Artwork of FUZZTONE
47 THE MEN OF SAMSON AND HOMAN
49 IN LOVING MEMORY OF KENT JUSTICE
50 IN CLOSING
52 Model BUD TWO
55 Model ARNIE
BACK COVER Model WALTER MITTY

NOTE: Profiles of all black and white models, artists and writers are located at the end of their portrait/featured work. Profiles of color models are located on page 36. All contributors welcome correspondence unless noted otherwise. Please see page 45 for instructions on writing to models.

LETTERS

A MESSAGE FROM SANTA

I just had to drop you a note and say thanks for the cover! And also thanks for the special issue. I haven't had a chance to sit down and read ZONES yet. This is my busy season. However, I did scan the last couple of paragraphs (ordinarily I hate to read ahead) but something about lightning caught my eye. Very erotic! Can't wait to read it for real. The magazine just gets better and better. I'm enclosing a note for you to forward to TUCK and RAY T. That photo is the kind that I most enjoy seeing in CR. As I mentioned in my note to T and RT: two beautiful men . . . naked and totally relaxed in that nakedness . . . charming and in a funny kind of way, rather moving. A fine photo. Keep up the good work. Hugs. SILENUS HONEY

HAVE THINGS REALLY CHANGED IN EASTERN EUROPE?

Just returned Saturday from three weeks in Europe—combination business and well-earned pleasure trip. As usual, we dropped into "Club Sieben" in Munich during Octoberfest. It could have been any older men's bar in Florida, New York or California. It was filled with Americans, most of whom are your subscribers. It was fun! With much delight, we met an older gay couple from eastern Germany. It was their first visit to a western gay bar. They were like kids at Christmas. Gay life was very suppressed in the eastern countries under communist control. Even now that they are "free," they are still suppressed. We enjoyed learning about their experiences while in Munich. Fortunately Steve speaks good German and one of the couple speaks good English. After we left Munich, we visited them in their home in eastern Germany. Even though it has been two years since the merging, it's still like night and day (40 years behind in all areas!) We may buy them a subscription to CR, but they still have mail delivery problems and also the communist spy or neighbor watching network is still working! We will give it more time. These guys are eager to learn as much as possible about the western gay culture. Warm regards. Bob & Steve/Oregon.

AND WHAT ARE THINGS LIKE IN JAPAN?

Just returned from a trip to Japan to see my roots. I met the publisher of SAMSON and quite a few senior Japanese men. They've all heard of CR. Will you send me the back issue clearance offer so I may send a copy to each of the wonderful friends I met there? One of these days I will tell you of the exciting time I had there. Senior gay men are well taken care of in Japan. So far in the U.S. I have not found a friend to enjoy life with. Most just want sex and nothing else. Maybe one of these days I will find a companion that is compatible with me. Anyway, take care and keep up the wonderful work of CR. A senior Japanese/American. S.N./Southern California

I have just returned home from a business trip to Japan. During my trip I saw a copy of CR in a bar in Kyoto (run by a very nice gray-haired older Japanese man) and saw my ad for the first time. So far, no replies, but I guess there's always hope. I saw many nice older men in Japan, but unfortunately most are interested only in Asians or very young boys (15-25). The older Japanese men I did talk to were not interested in foreigners and with the price of drinks in the bars ($10-$15 for one beer), I didn't spend much time in them. All of the bath houses are off- limits to all Westerners, so I didn't get the chance to find the man of my dreams. I did enjoy the trip and I find most older Japanese men to be very good-looking. On my last night in Tokyo I did meet a nice man that spoke perfect English and was very nice, but small and slender. He gave me his address, so if I go back to Japan again, he will show me the right bars to go to and help me meet people. But with the enormous cost involved with such a trip, I doubt I will ever get back over there unless business takes me again. THE TRAVELER/ Bay Area-Russian River

According to my sources in Japan, ALL foreigners—not just Westerners— are banned from most baths. I wonder why? Perhaps one of our many Japanese readers could tell us. I also wonder why some smart man hasn't jumped on the back of THE TRAVELER's Harley. This guy has all the qualities, looks, attitudes and facilities to make an older man one happy sonofabitch. If only he'd let us publish his photo, he'd get a bunch of takers. Don't let the Harley scare you off. This man is 24K. PHC

J.J. TEN AGAIN

I picked up your magazine (#44) from Beyond The Closet Bookstore in Seattle and had to buy it. The reason was on page 2. I have always liked older men—if they are *hairy*. My tongue fell out when I saw J.J. II. I would lick every hair on his body given the chance. But I also got hot looking at those big, sexy, low-hanging balls. I would love to have his cock down my throat as long as his beautiful balls were on my face. If there is no chance to buy any photo sets of J.J. II, I hope you put him in your magazine again, provided it is on the glossy pages. I would love to see a shot of him standing over the camera without a robe. I was wondering if the gay magazines will cease since the defeat of the gay rights bill in California. A lot of magazines come from there. N.E./Seattle

Governor Wilson's veto of the gay rights legislation has absolutely nothing to do with our right to publish CR in California, nor will it affect our business in any other way. The legislation would have allowed gays and lesbians who believe they have been victimized by job discrimination to seek penalties against employers through the state fair employment and housing department. Wilson, who had promised to sign the bill, changed his mind after receiving over 100,000 letters from conservatives. Wilson now maintains that homosexuals are already protected from discrimination under the privacy clause of the state constitution. While Governor Wilson's balls were being squeezed by both conservatives, liberals and queer activists, J.J. TWO's balls were being chopped off. We are profoundly sorry that our EX-printer accidentally chopped them off on the inside back cover of our ZONES Special Issue. Our new printer vows never to do such a heinous thing. Ouch! PHC

GOD LOVES OLD HOMOSEXUALS

I received the latest CR this week and wanted to ask a question, but first let me say again, thank you and the subscription benefactor for making it possible for me to receive CR. You did an obit for SHANE. Could this be the Gerald M. that I have written to? I wonder all the time how this man is doing and I know that he was so sick. I'd appreciate knowing. Things here have been difficult but I am actually coping in my own bumbling way. I was stretching

my "miracle" medication to the outer limits because of necessity, and as a result, I am desperately tired and have been unable to keep up correspondence as I should. Soon the weather will force me to stay indoors and then maybe I can mend my broken correspondence. I have been trying to weatherize my old house. I have sustained several injuries from falling down and from the use of various carpenter tools, notably, hammers and saws. I know, I'm an idiot, but I have no choice because of no funds. I sustained two burglaries in the same week in July and lost everything that wasn't nailed down in my garage. Replacement of expensive lawn equipment was heartbreaking. Thank God for credit and SEARS! Replacing windows and doors was body-breaking (literally) and I am still nursing a useless right arm. I am left-handed, so it wasn't much good in the first place, but try to lift things and carpenter with one arm! I suppose it would be funny if it didn't hurt so bad. The last laugh is mine though, because I did things I was sure I could no longer do, and there is sweet satisfaction in that. Now, if I could figure out how to fix a limp dick, life would be sweet indeed! God has preserved me from total disaster and that must prove He still loves old homosexuals such as me! I still get a warm glow when I think of your kindness to me last year. Your Christmas cheer was a balm to my soul. How very kind and thoughtful the men of CR in their response. I hope that you can bring the same loving kindness that I received to someone else out there, alone and hurting. Best wishes to you both. You have and do make a good difference in many men's lives. Thanks for that difference in mine. May God bless you and keep you safe. May your loving bring you and those you love great joy. WAYBURNE

Saddled with bottom-of-the-barrel poverty, relentless pain and intense loneliness, WAYBURNE keeps on surviving and maintains his sanity and sense of humor. It's because of wonderful men like WAYBURNE that we wish for wealth. I'd ensure that his "miracle" medication continued and I'd hire a bunch of carpenters to fix up his house. But, alas, all I can do is print his story (and the stories of the other men in his shoes during these bleak times) and wish him (and the others) the kindness of strangers. If you would like to help WAYBURNE or any other needy reader featured in this magazine, write to them like you would a model or someone with a codeword. PHC

ANOTHER SLEEP APNEA PATIENT

I want to thank you very much for your reply to my letter requesting information about cures for sleep apnea. Your response was highly appreciated and very unexpected, based on my experience with other commercially produced publications. That is, I really did not expect to receive such a specific answer to my letter. Nor did I expect to learn so much from the reply you provided. I was unaware of most of the things your letter contained. I realize that you couldn't provide reprints of all the references to sleep apnea that you have published in CR. I will reexamine the copies that I have to try to find previous references to this condition. I will certainly also discuss the matter further with my physician or specialist with whom he can put me in contact. Thanks again for your attention to my individual request. I enjoy your publication and appreciate its unique character. J.R./Bay Area

THE VAN NUYS PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN

Your rules say: You may not place an ad for someone else. On page [deleted], top left, there is an ad by [deleted]. If you check this out, the box is owned by someone else. Suspect: [deleted]. Anonymous/Van Nuys

We know the advertiser our phantom speaks of and we are well aware that he uses an alias. Many of our advertisers do. He's not placing an ad for someone else. This is the third note we've received from the "Van Nuys Phantom" and we're delighted that this note isn't as nasty and threatening as the last two. Funny how anonymous writers like to drop little hints. With the aid of our computer, we've finally narrowed in on who he is. Yes, D.L.W., we know who you are now. PHC

AIN'T WORD-OF-MOUTH GRAND?

At my age, 63, I thought all was over when it comes to meeting people. I discovered CR through a friend, model WOTAN. Between you and WOTAN, a whole new world has opened for me. I was getting pretty depressed about things. It is so nice to know that there are people out there like me. I met DENNY and BIG MAC through WOTAN and they said that you get letters from people who really put down the magazine. I can't understand that. I think it is WONDERFUL. You have to consider the source. Just keep up the good job. And speaking of considering the source, I went with a friend to see a taping of "Designing Women" up in L.A. We went by bus from the Gay Community Center in Long Beach. It was fun except for a brief incident. There was a woman who entertained us between takes. She was very funny and quick with her wit and made a remark about gays that was NOT offensive. We all laughed except for some gay guy from another group. He really lit into the woman and I felt so sorry for her. The tongue-lashing was quite unnecessary, and we all came to her rescue. The reason I'm mentioning this is that there is someone out there who will always find something wrong. I tend to find humor in so much of what others find offensive. After all, God put man on earth, so you know he must have a sense of humor. So forget these assholes who give you a rough time, because they just aren't worth it. Think of the guys you give pleasure to. WALTER MITTY/Laguna Beach

Oh, Boy! are you readers in for a treat. After reading the above letter, I turned the page and saw WALTER MITTY's photograph, which made my hands shake. He also included some artwork, and I just sat and stared at it for several minutes. God bless WOTAN, DENNY . . . and BIG MAC, who will be receiving a $200 tip when he brings WALTER MITTY around to meet us—hopefully prior to this issue's going to press.

INTRODUCING BABY BEAR

Things are finally starting to settle down here at "The House of a Thousand Flowers" after the big move from Minnesota. I have you and CR to thank for introducing me to this sweet and wonderful man that your readers know as PAPA BEAR. But that's not the reason I'm writing. I just finished your latest novel ZONES and must tell you it had me on the edge of my seat throughout. Once I started, I just couldn't put it down! I found myself cheering for Mark in hopes that he would eventually find happiness with Jerry, the older man he obviously desired. The characters were exciting and the plot was suspenseful. Keep 'em coming, Pat (pardon the pun)! A loyal fan. B.L./Cazadero, CA

P.S. PAPA BEAR has given me the nickname BABY BEAR. I guess it fits!

Our world-wide network has brought hundreds upon hundreds of men together, but the pairing off of PAPA BEAR with BABY BEAR

really moved us. Having emerged with dignity and strength from a quagmire of despair, brutality and abject loneliness, no one has earned his happiness more so than PAPA BEAR. See his article on Monogamy in this issue. PHC

AN INCEST SURVIVOR

First let me say that I'm sorry to have read about the passing of SHANE. I related to him having such a relationship with you in an envious way. I wanted to write to you, too, but my self-confidence is not so strong. But it was encouraging (as an Afro-American) to know that you're open to relationships with those born as such. That made me feel good, especially since I'm sexually aroused by your escapades: a) The photographs you take of the models. Oh, to be a fly on the wall, or an apprentice. b) And the super-erotic model—your lover, The Friar. So when I read your warm comments about SHANE, I felt even closer to you and recognized the depth sexual beings can have—even though I find so few capable of handling intimacy and sexuality. Speaking of such brings me to discuss my application for a scholarship—an erotic scholarship. I'm financially overextended. I'm doing some recovery work around incest issues. I meet three times a week in different discussions: two individual counselors and one group session. Along with my daily routine bills, this keeps me pretty broke. I also have some outstanding student loans now in court for settlement. Looks like they're going to get a judgment and attach my wages—as a clerk-typist (since I didn't finish my college degree). I'm not sure if I'll be able to live in S.F., *the world's most expensive city*, but since I've learned that I'm no longer a victim—I'm a survivor!—I will continue my therapy as long as I can. Yet . . . I also think your magazine is a part of that (I think so), and I don't want to not have that apart of my evolution to self-love. I have enclosed the order form for back issues and hope you can find a donor. Well, Santa, that's what I'd like to happen. My subscription looks like it will end around 4/92, so maybe by that time I'll be one less therapist and stronger, confident again to try finishing my education—at least my undergraduate degree. That would open the door to applying for jobs paying more than $24,000. It saddens me to think that I'll be economically stranded in this strata in my maturing, spiritually-sexual years. Thanks for considering me. Maybe someday I'll be able to do the same for someone who would enjoy the pleasure your magazine provides those that enjoy the sensuality of the mature male. R.B./San Francisco

R.B./San Francisco was provided all the back issues we had, and he promises to write his benefactors. Let's all hope that his therapy pays off and he is able to get back into school. PHC

SOME GREAT AD RESULTS

Please let me thank you for putting in my ad. I have had results that you would not believe. This time I have had more intellectuals contact me and very few nerds. What a difference it makes. Because of this ad, I have met at least four people who are special. I cannot give names, of course. What I can tell you is that there is one who is very special. I have been alone by choice since 1974, except for having pen pals. Because of this one very special person, I no longer want to be alone. How it will turn out, I do not know. What I can say is that when we met, he treated me as if his only mission in life was to make me happy. By saying this, he will know when he reads it if this is published. Because I am so happy with the results, please feel free to use all or part of my letter to convince others that your ads really do work. Thank you very much. H.H./Kentucky.

Our ads work for most people but not for a few others, and it frustrates us. H.H./Kentucky (who is blind, by the way) has had rotten luck in the past himself. If we knew the key, we'd teach everyone how to get great results from their ads. All we can do is to advise our advertisers not to give up and urge the responders to be kind and considerate. PHC

AN ANGEL CALLED TASSIE DEVIL

Many, many thanks for publishing my letter in Issue #43 (A CALL FOR HELP). I had not anticipated such and was caught unawares. My sincere thanks to TASSIE DEVIL, a very fine and generous gentleman from Australia. I wrote and thanked him for extending my subscription to CR. I've never believed in angels and miracles, but what has happened to me during the past three months makes me reconsider. My life is much happier now and I have a strong will to be alive again. Six fine readers of CR have written to me. These men showed much compassion and friendship and I hope that we will be friendly for a long, long time. One has offered me a home and takes good care of three other retirees as well as myself. Two of the other writers have paid short visits with me during the past week. We engaged in good conversations and had a nice meal together at a local restaurant. I am very grateful to them both and all the others who wrote to me. I have been living in this home since you published my letter. I have so much to be thankful for. All these happenings! I am happier now than I have been in the past. Thanks to CR and all who have made it possible for these miracles. A.J.D./Florida

For those of us who are concerned about the home that took in A.J.D., we have been assured by an extraordinarily discreet, anonymous reader (who has written to us before and established a great deal of credibility) that he has visited A.J.D. there and has found the mini-nursing home to be legitimate, well-supervised and neater than a pin. We will not publish the anonymous reader's letter per his request, but we assure you that A.J.D. is happy and even has a best pal now: a toy poodle. See what you made possible, TASSIE DEVIL? PHC

MORE BAD NEWS

I'm happy to see you will include artwork of CHARLES OF FRANCE. He draws balls wonderfully. No BULLFINCH? He must be a very popular model. I'm sorry to hear that THE VICTOR passed away. He was very handsome and looked like a sweetheart of a man. A prince. I'm also sorry to hear that SHANE also died. The wording of his short story made me feel that I was the man he wrote about. His thoughts were mine. *He had a way with words.* I must tell you now of some sad news that you may not know about. Last Spring model SENSUAL had a massive stroke that put him in the hospital for quite a while. Mine was the first letter that he answered before his stroke and we could tell by our phone calls that we would get along quite well. I visited him in the hospital a couple of times, but we had a difficult time communicating because of his stroke. I could tell that he was pleased to see me, however. After he went home, he started recovering but began having seizures and was re-hospitalized. I talked with him over the phone a few days before he died on August 16th. I'm sorry for him and myself that we did not meet before his stroke. Sincerely, C.M./Central California

Unfortunately, we didn't know about SENSUAL until a couple of months after his death. We have no idea what happened to all the

mail that we sent to his address in the interim. Yes, with the loss of THE VICTOR and SHANE it's been a very tough year and it just got much worse in November. Refer to IN LOVING MEMORY OF KENT JUSTICE. PHC

TOUGH TIMES IN PARADISE

At the risk of sounding trite, I must open with the time-worn phrase: I have never written a magazine before, but after reading your publication I was compelled to write. A friend recently visited me on the beautiful island of Kauai and brought me a copy of Issue #42. It could not have been given to me at a more opportune time in my life. After many years of being the owner of several successful gay bars in Honolulu, I have suddenly found myself over 50, overweight, unemployed and bankrupt. Because of an accident, I could not work for almost a year and my bars went down the tubes. I moved to the garden island of Kauai seeking anonymity and a fresh start with my life. For several months I was able to maintain a positive attitude while job searching. It did not even bother me that I was living in a rented room and driving an old car that belched smoke as it careened down the road. What finally began to bother me was that someone over 50 is considered a relic. I go for job interviews and sit in a room filled with people young enough to be my children. Many of them speak English as a second language and cannot write a business letter, yet one of them gets the job. Like many older gay men, I somehow thought that the nectar from the loins of a young man offered eternal youth and immortality. As Kauai has no gay bars or organized gay life, I also found myself very alone, without the benefit of a youthful companion. I had begun to think that those taken from us early were really blessed. They would not have to grow old alone. My only thought as I fell asleep at night was, that with any luck at all, I would not wake up the next morning. Until I read your fine magazine, it had never dawned on me that I might still lead a useful productive life at my age. I had never associated with older gay men for fear they could put some curse on me and make me another silly old queen. I had never looked at a picture of an older man, thinking it would be disgusting. How shocked I was to find that someone our age could be so appealing and virile. I now realize that not only can I still make a contribution to society, but that it is not too late for me to share my life with a loving friend and companion, but this time someone my own age who can share life's little vicissitudes. Because of your magazine, I now realize that there are others out there like me who have had to put their lives back together after 50. It is not over; it is only a new beginning. Your magazine stays beside me on the other side of my bed. As soon as I get a job I will subscribe, so that I can participate, not just be an onlooker in your future. Until then, thank you for being there when I sorely needed you. While we have never met, I feel that I know you and understand the contribution you are trying to make in this sometimes insane world in which we live. Very truly yours, D.W./Hawaii

D.W./Hawaii has been given a gift subscription from subscriber H.M./Texas. Thanks to our generous subscribers, we have a surplus of gift subscriptions available for needy mature men or their admirers. If you know of someone who could benefit from CR yet cannot afford to subscribe, please have him write to us. PHC

HEY! I DON'T LOOK SO BAD!

For the first time I can remember, I am at a loss for words. I am indescribably grateful to you for publishing my photo because I know that there is the potential for finding that one true friend, yet I want to hide behind the anonymity of BURLY to avoid the other potential: the criticism you/we will receive for the photo of that fat guy on your back cover. I am sure that things will work out right and that I am going to hear from some wonderful guys. But it is a bit scary for this shy retiring fellow from Oklahoma! Oops, I forgot that you two have seen me work a crowd . . . sorry! ZONES is the most enjoyable read I've ever had. That is no small statement, but I am pleased to make it about your latest effort. From the beginning, I was taken by Jerry. I wanted not only for Mark (read: me!) to get him into the sack, but to get to know more about him. He is a MAN! KENN RICHIE is right . . . "You can't get off this roller coaster ride until it ends." I could not stop reading it until the story concluded. People who have looked long and hard for a story they can sink their teeth into, while also holding onto their sweating, throbbing crotches, need search no further. ZONES is the right prescription for what ails you! The December issue was a fine illustration of how far CR has come. The color spreads in the center are a welcome addition, and the fiction, as always, is first rate. There are legal tips from a lawyer who cares about helping us, poetry to feed our minds, models to fuel our lust . . . I just can't think of what I would want to add to the magazine. I have been a subscriber since 1986, and I am grateful to have been along for the ride. My heartfelt gratitude and affection to your both. BURLY/Oklahoma

From childhood on, we are so conditioned to think of heavy people with glasses as ogres. That's probably why it took two years to get a photo out of BURLY. When we received it and advised that it was a knockout, he accused us of lying. But once he saw his photo on the back cover of #46, I think he decided to re-think his self-image. To know this guy is to love him . . . and we've known and loved him for years. PHC

A COMPLAINT TO OUR SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

I enjoy your magazine, especially your writing, but I must lodge a complaint regarding your subscription department. When I renewed my subscription last month, I also took advantage of your special offer of "twenty assorted regular back issues" for $5. Amazingly, what I received instead were six assorted issues, made up of four copies of the same four issues and two copies of two others. I'm sure you will agree that that's not fair, Patrick. R.E./Oakland

No, I do not agree. Available back issues are listed on the order form in back, and there are no where near 20 listed. The sale notice should have related that we are clearing out back issues in hopes that they will be given away; it was not some secret, cheap way of acquiring the last 20 back issues, most of which are out of print. Since the $5 barely covers the freight, packaging and delivery confirmation receipt expenses, these issues are FREE. On our choice of word: when I buy a box of ***assorted*** *chocolates, I expect more than one of each kind. Our offer is more than fair--it's a steal. PHC, Manager, Subscription Department.*

THE ZONES SPECIAL AND OTHER THINGS

Once again you have done it and done it very well. I thoroughly enjoyed reading ZONES. This is now the third of your novels that I have read and have found each one to be extremely well-written and quite plausible. I received the latest last week and set it aside for "later," however I decided to have a peek to check it out. Several hours, a pot of coffee and two tired eyes later (actually,

1:20 am in the morning), I was able to put it down only because it was finished. This one I found to be totally absorbing, menacing, sympathetic and, yes, very true-to-life. ZONES took me back to the mid-seventies, at which time I lived in North Hollywood. This was at the time of a real-life serial killer of our people. Many of us in my particular circle were extremely leery of strangers and new tricks. The characters in ZONES will remain with me as people I have known and have very fond memories of . . . and also of some people I have no desire to have them even brush my life. BRAVO! Give us some more, please. You may sign me one very happy and contented reader/fan. Thank you. G.J./Southern California

Thanks for the early Christmas present in both the ZONES Special issue and issue #46. You've whetted our whistles with three incredibly sexy pictures of GENTLE BEN—can you satisfy that curiosity with a more revealing photo of the 6'-5" hunk? I'm impressed with the continuous improvement of CR, including the new color inset. The photos, fiction and opinion were, as usual, par excellence, but not the reason for this letter. I wanted to praise your new effort into novel writing. ZONES was riveting from the start. Take away the steamy sex and it's a thriller on the level of Lawrence Sanders and Robert Ludlum, but please . . . don't take away the sex! The rest periods in between were just perfect for me to keep one hand free and stay on pace with a compelling Lt. Jerry Zeitler. GENTLE BEN on the back cover gave me a wonderful face to plug into my fantasy. Keep them coming, Pat. I'm looking forward to the next special issue in the spring. Again, congratulations on another successful novel. ACE/North Carolina.

Somehow, I just don't think we'll get to see GENTLE BEN in the buff, but we're not complaining. Who cannot love that wonderful smile? Rest assured that there will always be plenty of good old sex in all my novels. I write for my fans, not for agents, publishers or critics.

I wish to congratulate you on your chilling novel, ZONES. Right now you should be afloat in congratulatory letters from your fans as I think it's one of the best stories I have read in years. I spent one week of evenings with it, savoring your delightfully complex plot, marvelling at the truly chilling tension which you skillfully maintained throughout the whole work, and finally shedding a few tears with your characters, who became almost too real. I am very proud to be associated with you in my own small way. With continued love and respect. D.W. BRECKENRIDGE/Minnesota

*On the contrary, D.W. BRECKENRIDGE is associated with us in a very **big** way. Read his new story in this issue and you'll see. How lucky we are to have great fiction writers like KENN RICHIE, EBB, ROYCE, PUG SNIDER and D.W. BRECKENRIDGE. Fan letters from these guys are framed!*

Well, another year comes to an end and what a job you two have done! I know that it hasn't been easy, but you should be proud of what you've produced. Eight fantastic issues that have thrilled, stimulated and satisfied all of us. I know you had some help from others, but if it wasn't for all the time and effort from both of you, we would be left out in the cold. Now about ZONES. Wow, what can I say. It was unbelievable! No, I take that back. It was very believable. All of it could happen very easily. The characters were fleshed out so well. I cared about them so much after only reading a short time. We were really able to "get inside their heads" and their hearts. It was so touching to watch Mark scale the walls of the fortress Jerry had built around his heart. I could relate to many of the dilemmas of love that Mark experienced. It was a timeless story that incorporated all the current issues of today. I wish a story this good could be as long as WAR AND PEACE. It ended much too soon for me. I could have kept on reading for days. There is one thing I know for sure--I have lines running over Victorville for happiness, excitement and understanding. The photos were also great. I always enjoy seeing THE BANKER, who I plan to visit next year. The regular issue was terrific. Great stories, photos and articles. I don't know how you do it, but I'm glad you do. I ordered DADDY FOR DESSERT on your advice and you were right. It is one of the best videos ever. Ahhhh. My dream boat, ZIPPER! And NIPPER is no slouch. PAPA BEAR was also very good. If P.R. SIMON is wise, they will recruit more CR models. M.D.H./Arkansas

P.R. SIMON has already recruited more CR models and will be releasing another great video soon. For the sake of you readers who have no idea what M.D.H./Arkansas is talking about when he speaks of lines over Victorville, let me explain . . . . But on second thought, perhaps we'd both benefit if you just bought the special issue and found out on your own.

MORE ASIANS!

Got the new copy of CR and enjoyed it immensely. Love the photos of SILENUS HONEY, KARL, PETER, GENTLE BEN, TUCK, RAY T., SHOE and BURLY. Enjoyed the fiction of PUG SNIDER and D.W. BRECKENRIDGE. Enjoyed the artistry of RAM and the material from SAMSON. I sure wish you had more Oriental subscribers who would model for you and place ads. I would love to hear from anyone who has received a copy of SAMSON to see if it is worth the cost. I would also love to see more drawings from KOALA, RAM and more photos by SIMBA. His models are very sexy, although I have a preference for the heavier ones. Congratulations on another great issue and keep them coming. R.Y./North Carolina

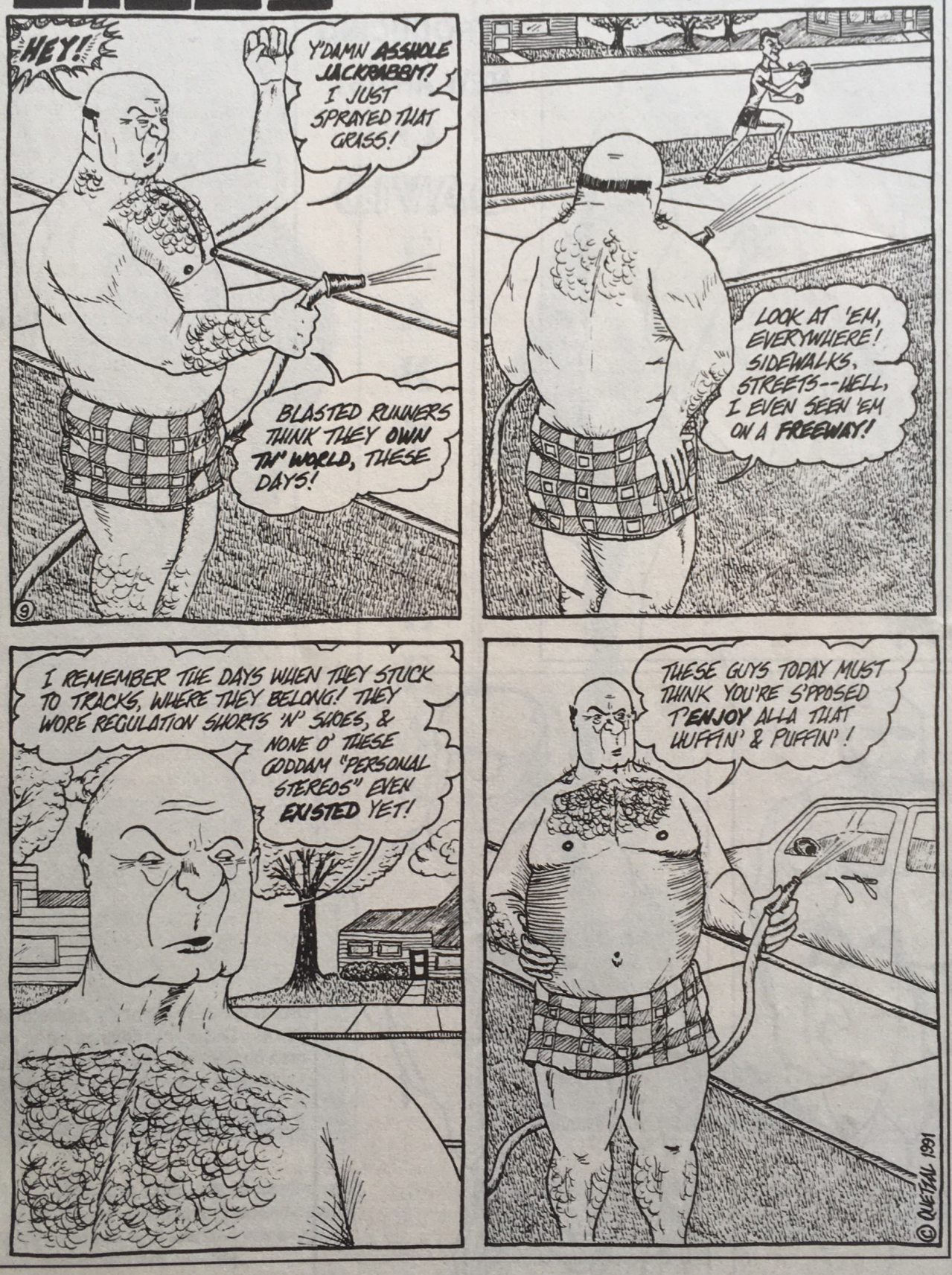
We get both SAMSON and HOMAN (a pictorial with more older Japanese men than SAMSON) and love them. See the SAMSON ad in this issue and write KAIMEI-KAN for information on HOMAN, too. KOALA promises more artwork soon.

THE VEIL OF OPPRESSION

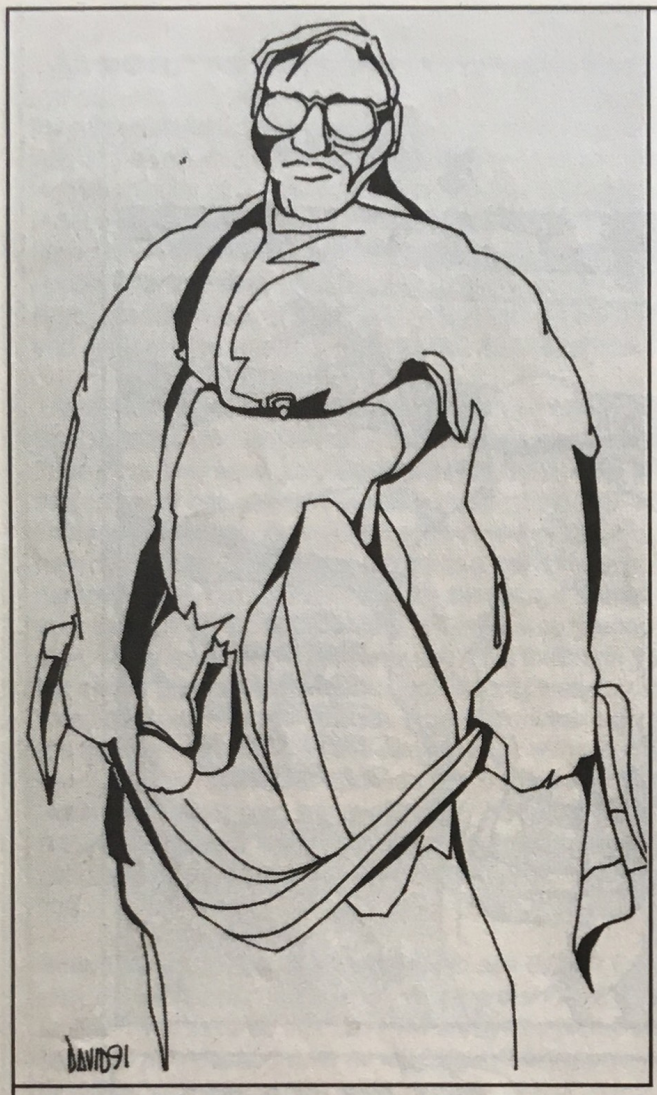
I was touched by the letter to you in #46 from R.R./Michigan and somewhat impressed by your response. R.R.'s story sounded like something Gordon Merrick (the author of *The Lord Won't Mind*) might have written years ago. Your response brought those of us 50 years and older right up to 1992. Times have changed since the plight of the 40s and 50s. Unlike R.R., I only had 5 years with a (younger) lover who left. Unfortunately I then "hid in the closet" for many years (I'm embarrasssed to tell you how many). I hid because of the repressive cultural mores imprinted on my mind from those earlier eras. Your magazine has helped to remove that veil of oppression. Your response to R.R. was absolutely correct in my opinion--search and ye shall find. Your answer to R.R. helped open my eyes, too. It's easy to get discouraged when answering ads via the mail. Keep up the good work and thanks for being there. B.T./New Mexico

COACH BIGGS

by QUETZAL

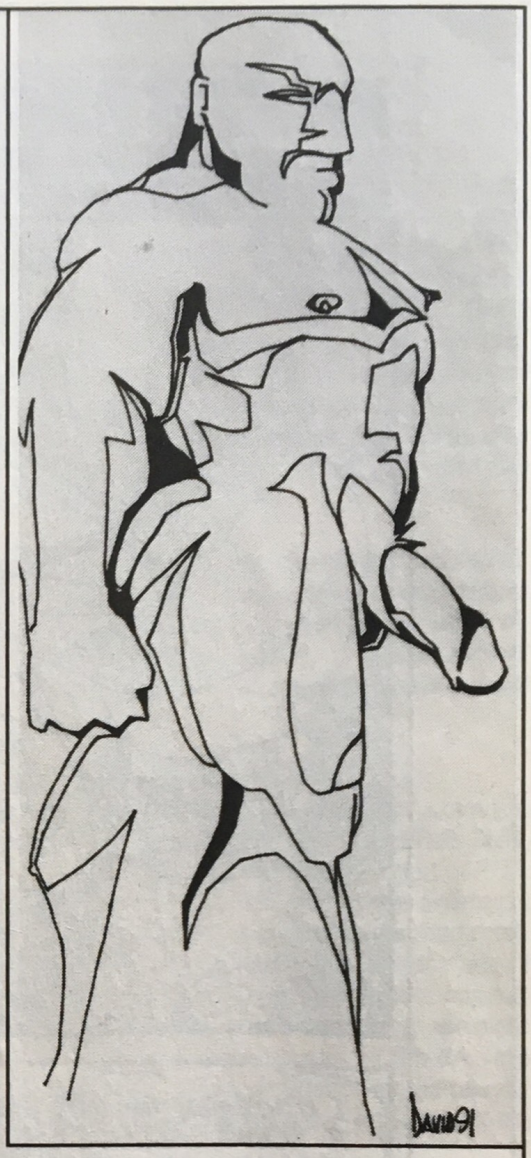

HEY!
Y'DAMN ASSHOLE JACKRABBIT! I JUST SPRAYED THAT GRASS!
BLASTED RUNNERS THINK THEY OWN TH' WORLD, THESE DAYS!
9
LOOK AT 'EM, EVERYWHERE! SIDEWALKS, STREETS--HELL, I EVEN SEEN 'EM ON A FREEWAY!
I REMEMBER THE DAYS WHEN THEY STUCK TO TRACKS, WHERE THEY BELONG! THEY WORE REGULATION SHORTS 'N' SHOES, & NONE O' THESE GODDAM "PERSONAL STEREOS" EVEN EXISTED YET!
THESE GUYS TODAY MUST THINK YOU'RE S'PPOSED T'ENJOY ALLA THAT HUFFIN' & PUFFIN'!
© QUETZAL 1991

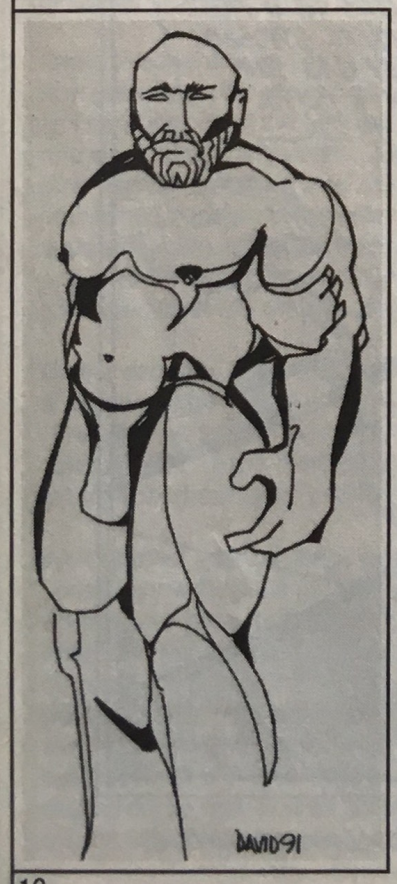
QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

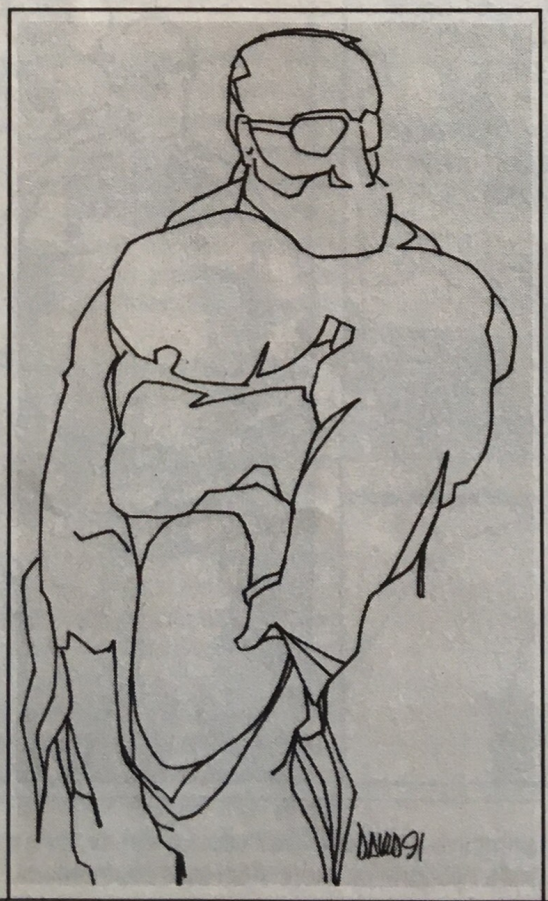


INTRODUCING NEW ARTIST

DAVID

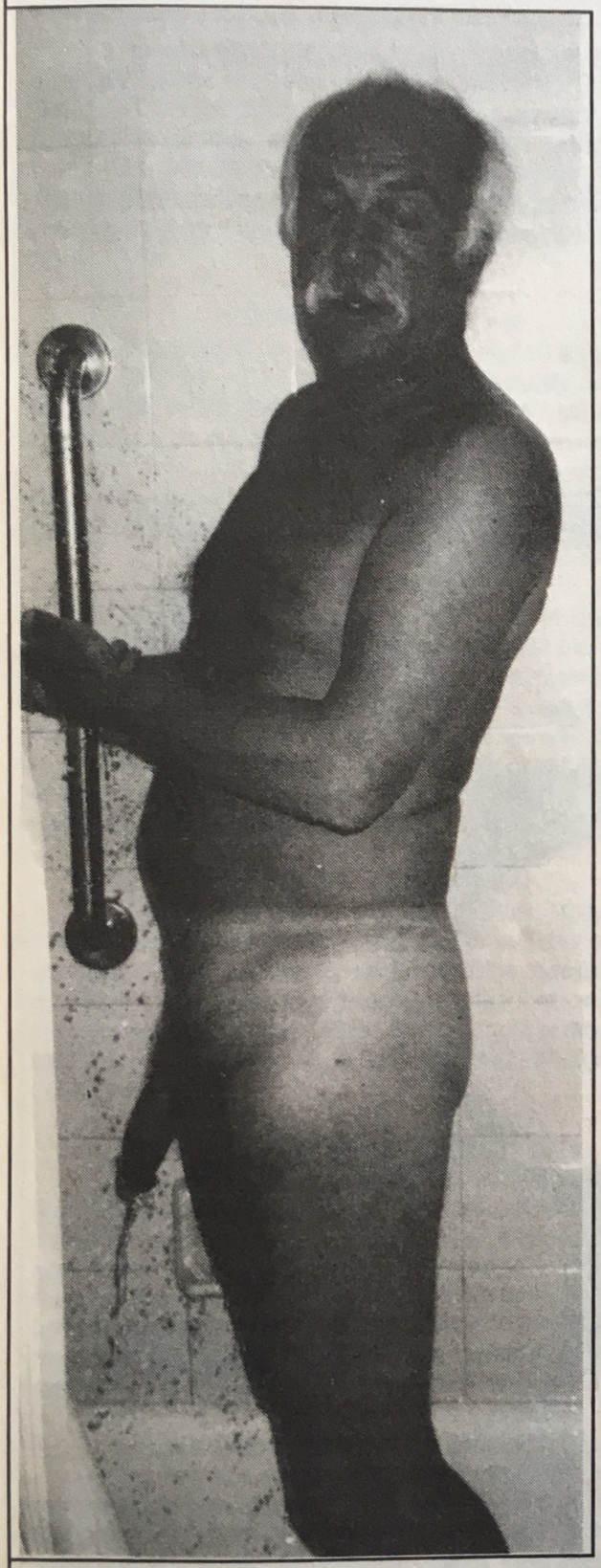






DAVID is 36, single and a native of Houston, Texas. Obviously, he finds older, muscular men interesting. He's looking to give up his 15-year career to do artwork full time.

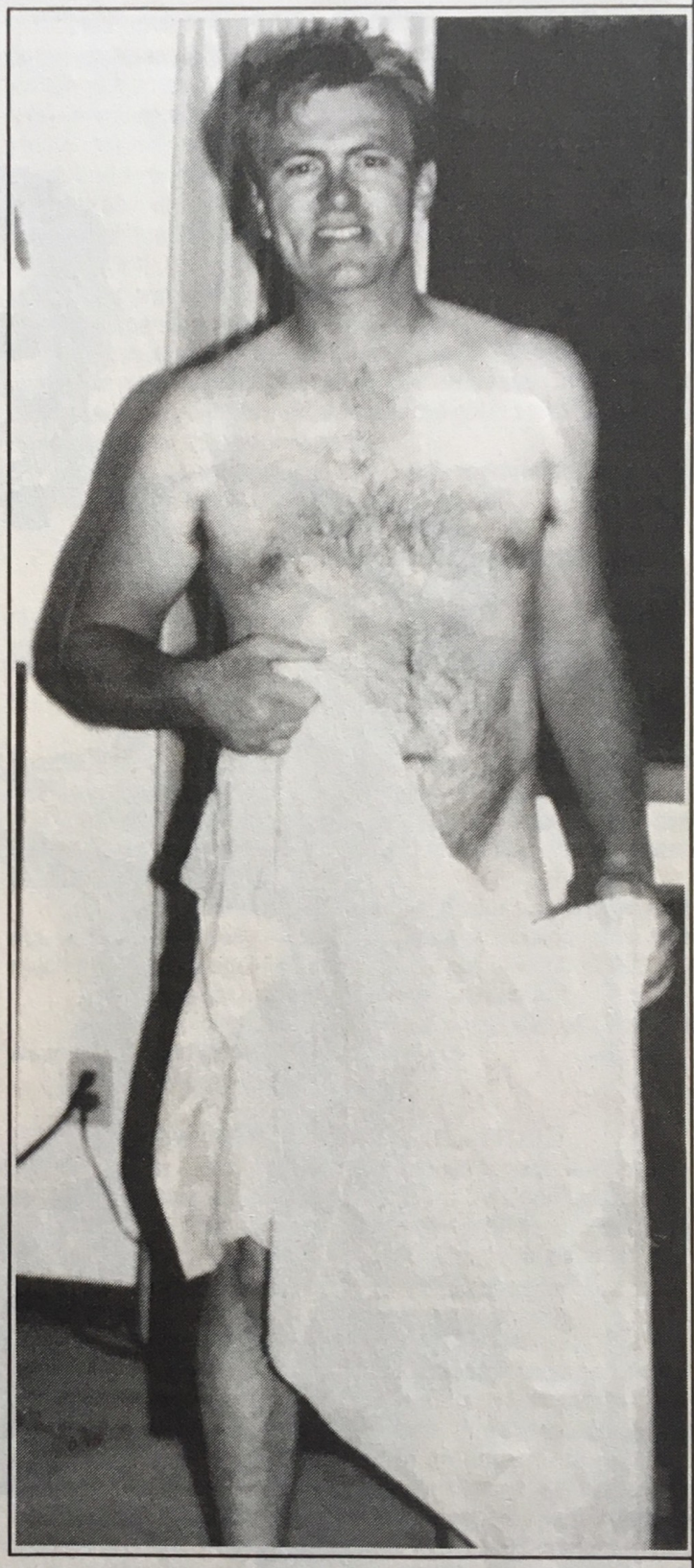
SILVER FOX . . . photo by H.S.



He's 58, 5'-8", 160# and loves lots of kissing and cuddling. He loves men with moustaches and beards, and he enjoys most sex with lots and lots of loving. SILVER FOX lives in western Nevada.

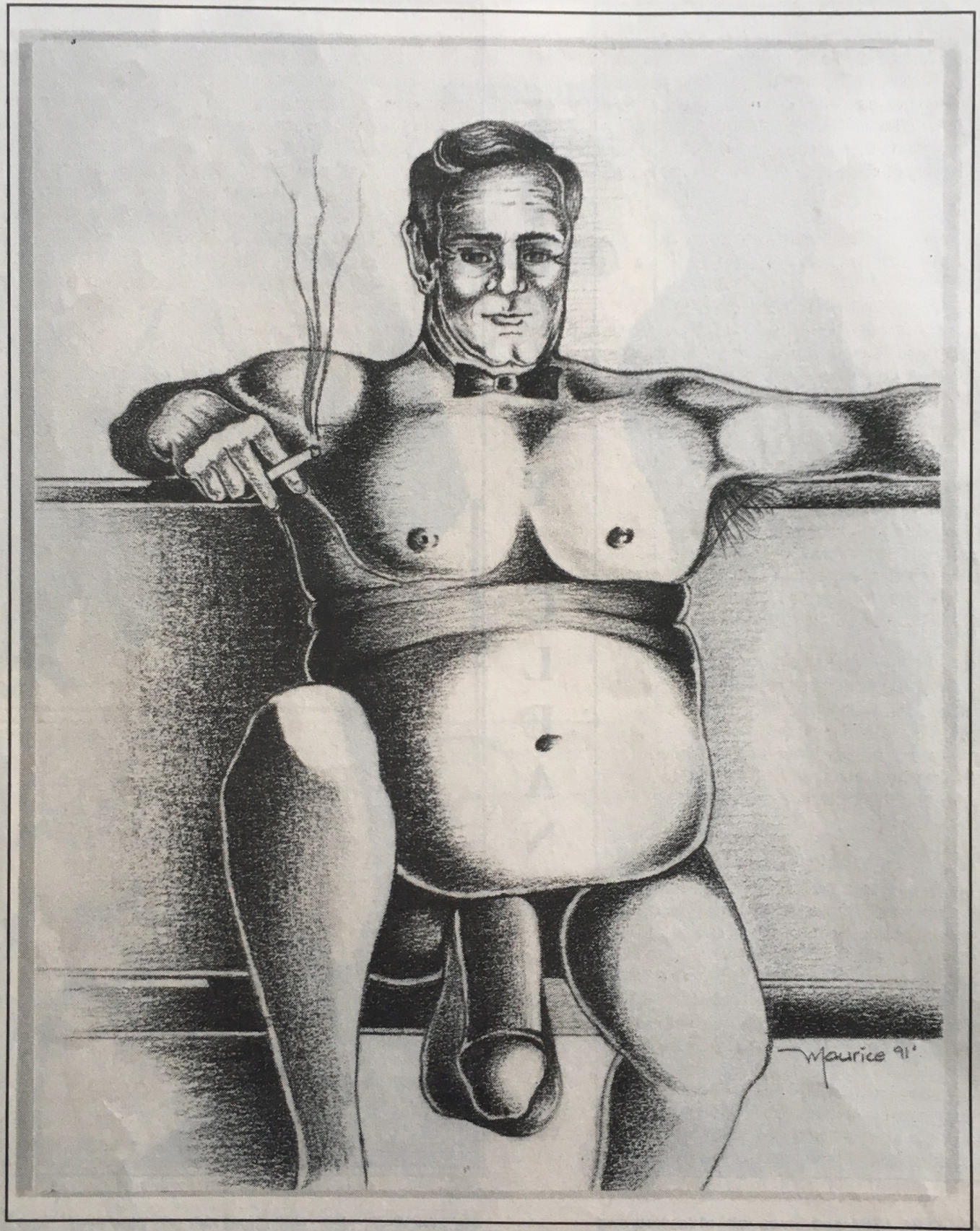
SQUEAKY CLEAN

LANDSCAPER . . . photo by JOHN DEE



He's 34, 6'-0", 185#, with blond hair and blue eyes. And how about those dimples! He's masculine, very passionate and hails from the Great Northwest. LANDSCAPER seeks masculine, clean-shaven men, 55-70.

THE ARTWORK OF MAURICE



DREAMER

MAURICE, a young Mexican artist residing in London, truly appreciates the more mature man.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

A DENIAL

According to a small magazine targeting mature men, I have been quoted as stating to a man in Atlanta that P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS is "Mafia." This charge is spurious, vindictive, irresponsible hearsay, and I categorically deny making the statement. P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS is a small, respectable, highly regarded video producer which is dedicated to bringing senior and big men the entertainment they have been denied for years.

A SWITCHED PAGE IN #46

In our last issue (#46), pages 27 and 30 were switched in error. Models TUCK and RAY T. were actually on page 30. Models THE WOODSMAN, YOUNG BUCK, JAY-BE and BUCK were actually on page 27. Please forgive any inconvenience this error may have caused. If you have written to the wrong model, please write again. We've also asked our models to return any correspondence that's not meant for them.

A NEW G & M CHAPTER

Chicago now has another Girth & Mirth Chapter. It's called B.M.O.C., or Big Men of Chicago (and their friends). They put out a nice little newsletter that looks like it might evolve into something along the lines of the European G & M newsletters. They promise a return to the good times and we wish them all the luck in the world. Membership dues are $12 per year for singles or $18 per year for couples. Make your checks payable to B.M.O.C., P.O. Box 25628, Chicago, IL 60625-0628.

CHANGES AT 39 PLUS

Now that the 39 PLUS CLUB of West Hollywood has become affiliated with PRIME TIMERS, there have been some changes. There is a new chairman and the meeting day and location are now the second Tuesday of the month at the Queen Mary Bar at 12449 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. For more information, write: 39 PLUS CLUB, P.O. Box 461342, West Hollywood, CA 90046-1324.

FREE AUDIO TAPES

Thanks to a very generous sponsor, we have some great audio tapes of major novels for those subscribers (or their mates or roommates) who are physically impaired or blind. We have three sets each of Susannah York reading Sidney Sheldon's *Rage of Angels* and Darren McGavin's rendering of Robert Ludlum's *The Bourne Identity*. Limited to one set per household. Please list first and second choices and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope so we can advise you if you were too late.

LIKE YOUNGER ASIANS OR LATINS?

In most L.A. dance bars catering to younger men, the patrons cringe when an older man walks in. Not so at **FACES** on Santa Monica (5520) near Western in Hollywood. The place is bustling on late Saturday nights with young, good-looking Asians, many of whom adore older men. The bartenders even pass out free copies of CR back issues, and some of our cover models adorn the walls. Since the bar is located in a deserted (at that hour) shopping center, safe parking is available right out front, and there is a security force to keep it safe.

If Latins are your cup of tea, you might try **SCORE**, which is located downtown at 107 W. 4th Street. A certain national newsmagazine calls it "a seedy bar on the edge of the skids," but we found it anything but seedy. The night we visited, there were a few Anglo seniors there who had already discovered the joys of young Hispanic lovers of older men. There was also a mariachi band, and everyone was singing in Spanish. Like FACES, there is ample security. We understand that a lot of businessmen types spend their lunch hours there. The possibilities are interesting.

Both bars are owned and operated by a triple (as opposed to a couple), consisting of two middle-aged Anglos and a young Japanese-American. The young one is a CR subscriber and gave us a tour of the bars last October. We discussed at length the misconception that older men aren't welcome at dance bars catering to younger men, and all of us vowed to do something about dispelling the misconception.

Both establishments are highly recommended. Give them a visit and let us know how it worked out.

AN EXPLANATION OF YOUR MAILING LABEL

Let's take an arbitrary number:

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6)

8/92 V (C) 3 * (note)

(1) The last issue of your subscription.

(2) VIP. You've done something we think is pretty special, like supporting us for quite awhile or spending a lot of money on us, etc. We'll announce in early 1992 how we intend to pay you Vs back (as soon as we can locate all of you). If you see no "V" on your label and you've been with us for over two years, please point yourself out.

(3) You have a credit balance. If your subscription runs out, we'll automatically extend it accordingly. If you know how much it is, apply it against the cost of a special issue or ad.

(4) You get multiple copies per agreement.

(5) You owe us money. Please check with us. Your last issue will be held pending clearance.

(6) Ignore. Internal stuff.

NEW GIRTH & MIRTH CLUB IN ITALY

"Girth & Mirth Italia" has been launched! It is the first bears club in Italy and its postal address is c/o Carlo Labadie, via Atene I, I-20132 Milano, ITALY. After a few months of advertising, they will begin all the activities and the publication of their magazine. Write to them for more information.

A NEW VIDEO FROM ENGLAND

We've just received sneak preview footage of a 90 minute video produced in the U.K. Although it was shot in Super 8, it will soon be converted to all formats, duplicated and sold by a U.S. distributor. The producer, in an attempt to meet our deadline, tried to convert the master tape himself with inadequate equipment, and the result was sub-par. But he did tape additional footage of some of the same models with a VHS camera to give an idea of how the finished product will look. That was pretty hot, but, in all fairness to you *and* the producer, we prefer to hold off until we see the real thing. If the video is as good as the snippets, you guys'll be in for a treat. The models are mostly rugged and mature, and what little action we had time to see is intense, unusual and sometimes raunchy. Look for our review and their ad in the next issue. The video will be called 40-PLUS TRIPLE HIT

(Continued on page 23)

THE SANCTUARY
Fiction by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE

In 1882 Johann Nash and his sleepy ten-year-old son, John, climbed out of the dusty railroad coach and surveyed the tiny frontier stopover for passengers traveling from St. Paul to Fort Abercrombie in the Dakota Territory. Beside the muddy, slow-flowing Bois de Sioux river stood a hastily erected railroad depot, one grain elevator, a hotel, and the newly constructed Bank of Nashway.

Johann inspected his empty bank inside and out, muttering satisfactory comments in German as John sat on the front steps, bewildered and frightened by the vast, treeless prairie surrounding him. Spying only an isolated farm in the far distance, he pined for the bustle and crowded streets of St. Louis and the warmth and comforts of the large home he had left behind. In his desolation, he wept for the fading memory of his mother, whose final agonizing screams were silenced as his lifeless brother was cut from her womb.

"Father, can't we go back to St. Louis, please?" John pleaded through tear-filled eyes.

"No, John," said Johann sympathetically as he sat beside his son and tried to comfort him. "This is now to be our home. You must be strong, son. What you now see will some day be a magnificent town like St. Louis. It's up to you and me to make it grow and flourish. That is our task, John. That is our mission."

Grow and flourish, Nashway did. First came a wave of Swedish immigrants who claimed their free 240 acre parcels of rich, virgin prairie. And with small loans from the Bank of Nashway, they purchased the materials to build their farms, increased their livestock, planted their crops, and purchased their dry goods from the mercantile store built soon after Johann opened the doors of his bank. By 1920, the 350 inhabitants of Nashway could boast of its three hardware stores, two grocery stores, five towering grain elevators, two cafés, two automobile garages, two mercantile stores, hotel, pool hall, mill, barber shop, drug store, Lutheran church, school, and the grand new brick Bank of Nashway, which John built shortly after the death of his father.

At age 48, John Nash was indisputably the town's leading citizen. Fastidious in his manners, moderate in dress and personal habits, sombre in his demeanor, and solitary by virtue of his esteemed social position within the small community, John prospered. Yet with each passing year he became more and more lonely and longed for the companionship he so rightfully needed.

Out of desperation to assuage the emptiness within, he often journeyed to distant Fargo where he revelled in the sensual pleasures and easy companionship forbidden in Nashway. John had no taste for the dour, strict Lutheran daughters continually paraded before him by the Swedish farmers of the community. But then a beautiful, vivacious school teacher, Maggie Weatherspoon, arrived in town, having just graduated from the Moorhead Normal School.

Maggie and John were seen everywhere that fall. No barn dance, chautauqua, or church supper was considered a success unless the alluring Maggie stepped out of John's new Packard and attended the event. Tongues wagged at the age difference between the unlikely couple, and eligible local girls despaired at Maggie's obvious success in wooing the man they had hoped to capture. On Christmas Day, 1920, Maggie and John were married in the Bethany Lutheran Church. It was a luxurious ceremony the likes of which had never before been seen in tiny Nashway.

Though voluptuously beautiful and enticing, Maggie was untutored in the ways of love and the expectations of the bridal bed. When John entered the bedroom that evening dressed only in a thin nightshirt, Maggie looked with horror upon the aroused husband who attempted to embrace and caress her. She cowered in terror as he lifted her nightgown and fondled her ripe breasts, then knelt and covered her mound with ardent kisses. Pressed to him, she shrunk from his hirsute body, and when he lay between her legs and lifted his huge, throbbing erection to enter her virginal body, she screamed in utter hopelessness. With joyless passion John rent her chastity, then retreated from the sobbing Maggie, her words of loathing for him forever etched on his mind.

Much to the puzzlement and dismay of the townspeople, Maggie Weatherspoon returned to her parent's home in Moorhead the following day, and she did not return after the Christmas vacation to resume her teaching duties. None had the courage to question John about the mysterious departure of his bride, yet all became acutely aware of the disconsolation which now descended upon him. As if surrounded by a halo of despair, John would sit for hours at his desk, deeply probing the dark recesses of his mind, heedless of his employees' requests and the customers who conducted their business in his bank. Most noticeable of all was his sudden slovenliness. Those who came closest to him were appalled by the strong smell of stale sweat and cigar smoke which now permeated his whole body.

Although unsuspected by those who sadly observed his gradual disintegration, John was fully aware of what was happening to him and revelled in his desolation. As if he had awakened some slumbering beast within himself, he nightly escaped into a realm of sexual fantasy in which he explored all the exquisite pleasure and brutal pain his body could endure from his own hands. And when he had spent his onanismic passion, he would vow never again to allow himself to repeat his vile acts of shame, never again to let his urgent sensual needs overpower his rational mind, never again to let his terrifying loneliness and self-loathing into the erotic fantasies which drove him more deeply into the yawning pit into which he had plunged.

In March, John received a letter from Maggie's father. Maggie was carrying John's child and, although sympathetic to John's plight and the obvious dishonor she had brought upon the marriage, the family did not wish to keep the child. For a payment of ten thousand dollars, John could claim the child shortly after its birth and would be free to seek another wife to raise the youngster.

The blight that had nearly destroyed him lifted. Where he had once only delved inwardly to obliterate his sorrow and shame, he now looked beyond himself to the child who would be his heir and successor and who would be nurtured in a love John was denied.

To provide a suitable home for his child, John immediately began the construction of a magnificent brick mansion of the banks of the Bois de Sioux, a mile from the town. The edifice

would be patterned after the grand Park Avenue mansions he had once seen in Minneapolis and would be surrounded by a forest of grand oaks, stately elms, and sturdy ash trees, which were impervious to the harsh winter and summer storms which swept over the flat prairie land.

A veritable army of laborers descended upon Nashway: skilled craftsmen from Milwaukee, experts in the use of brick; urban foresters from St. Paul; decorators from Chicago; and by the end of July, the house and grounds were nearly completed. Only the inside furnishings and the fashionable hand-carved wood panels which were to grace the living and dining rooms remained unfinished.

In September, 1921, James was born, and John's final task took him to St. Louis, where he hoped to select from amongst his poorer, distant cousins, a suitable mother for the child. John had no illusions concerning the kind of woman he desired. His marriage would remain chaste; he would not risk again the horrors of the marriage bed. He would never again inflict his sexual appetite upon an unwary, untutored bride.

In Martha Collier, a maidenly third cousin who lived in near poverty with her elderly parents, John thought he had found the perfect mate. Sober in demeanor, quiet and neat in her personal habits, Martha humbly accepted his unexpected proposal of marriage after an acquaintance of only one week.

It was during the final week before their impending marriage and return trip to Nashway that John and Martha stumbled upon a large, squalid, back-street shop in whose dirt-encrusted windows were displayed a strange assortment of merchandise posing as genuine antique furnishings. Amidst the shoddy assortment lay an exquisitely wrought mahogany jewel case, covered with intricately carved religious scenes. Entering the dimly lit shop, they were set upon by the proprietor. He greeted them effusively and fawned over the incongruous couple who obviously had the wealth to purchase his questionable wares.

Ignoring the proprietor's attempts to show him the most costly items, John took the beautiful jewel case from the window and examined its finely carved religious images. "Who carved this case?" he asked, puzzled by the sudden frown which spread over the proprietor's greasy face.

"I did, sir," came a voice from the dim recesses of the shop. "It was carved for our Monseigneur at St. Loyola Cathedral."

John turned to face a man whose soft grey eyes stared intently into his as he moved toward him. Though of indeterminate age and shabbily dressed in loose-fitting workman's clothing, an aura of serenity and tranquility radiated from the face whose features were as smoothly crafted as the carvings on the jewel case. His arms reached out to take the case, and for a moment, his strong fingers lingered on John's hands, sending a sensual shudder through his body.

"Get back to work, Henry Clay. I do the selling in this shop," sputtered the proprietor angrily as he wrenched the jewel case from Henry with his own filthy, ring-covered hands.

"Please! Give me the jewel case," John said sternly. "I want to examine the workmanship while Martha looks for some items for our house." His pleading eyes turned to an understanding Martha, who now distracted the proprietor and asked about an item in a different part of the shop. Grudgingly, the case was returned to John.

"It's not for sale," Henry said, his gaze remaining fixed upon John. "But I could make a similar one for you if you would like. Come. Let me show you some of my work," he continued. Taking Henry's arm, John again experienced the electrifying magic of the man's touch. Sitting at a workbench as the artisan brushed off a large panel he was currently carving for the Monseigneur, John listened to the strange tales of the figures depicted thereon: of Cain and Abel, entwined in a lover's embrace; of Jonathan kissing sweetly the thighs of David; of the blind Sampson caressing his faithful male servant, Samuel, who willingly shared his death under the pillars of the Temple of Dagon.

Mesmerized by the sweet breath and the hypnotic voice of the man leaning near him, John lapsed into a still reverie of a gentle time long ago, and he felt the gentle touch of the man's hand against the nape of his neck.

"Who are you?" John whispered, closing his eyes as waves of pleasure engulfed him in a liquid warmth. Opening his eyes and turning toward the man, John stroked the silky hair covering the powerful muscles which rippled slightly under his touch. Henry's eyes probed deeply into his mind, and unable to turn from him, John surrendered to the will which promised a love he had never before felt or imagined possible, a love more sensual than what he had ever experienced, a love not burdened with shame or guilt.

"John?" called Martha from the front of the shop. "We should be going. We're expected for dinner at Harry and Matilda's in an hour. Remember?"

Startled from his reverie, John jerked his hand away from the man's arm and fled in great disarray from the shop with a highly puzzled Martha.

Pleading a sudden illness, John begged Martha to make excuses for his absence at the evening's outing, then abruptly returned to his hotel. Pacing his suite of rooms for hours, his mind reeled from the shame and desire which alternately flooded over him. "Never!" he shouted to the empty rooms. He twisted and turned on his sweat-covered bed in the terrifying darkness, and yet as the bells of St. Loyola Cathedral tolled the eleventh hour, he rushed from the hotel to an awaiting taxi, whose driver hesitantly drove him to the dark street of the shop.

"Please wait!" he said, shoving a ten dollar bill into the hands of the wizened driver, who was familiar with the licentious desires of middle-aged men.

John pounded on the door of the darkened shop until he saw the portly figure of the proprietor emerging from the back of the shop, dressed only in a stained satin bathrobe. Recognizing John immediately, he called out, "Come back tomorrow."

"Open up, now!" John demanded, resuming his pounding on the door and wildly waving a fist filled with money. "I need to know where Henry Clay lives. Please!"

Seeing the money, the proprietor opened the door. Quickly mumbling the address, he snatched the money from John's hand and chuckled wickedly as the cab sped away.

John loudly knocked on the door of a seedy, foul-smelling tenement house and inquired about Henry.

"No visitors allowed after seven o'clock," the landlady snorted, a cigarette dangling from her brightly painted lips.

"Please! I must speak to him," he said passionately and handed her a twenty dollar bill.

"In that case," she said coyly, while snatching the money from his hand, "he lives in four-G. Just don't make a racket or I'll have the three of you thrown out in the streets. This is a respectable boarding house, you know," she said as John raced

up the four flights of stairway.

Catching his breath from the strenuous climb, he rapped softly on the door. Puzzled by the allusion to *three* people, he suddenly became fearful that he had horribly misinterpreted Henry's actions, that in his overwrought state of mind . . .

The door opened. Standing sleepily in a cotton nightshirt, Henry smiled. Taking John's hand, he led him into the tiny one-room flat and embraced him. "I knew you would come," he said and kissed him tenderly.

Feeling the man's sinuous body through the thin material of his nightshirt, John held his head within his hands and said, "I don't know what's happening to me. When you touch me, when you kiss me, I suddenly feel so complete, so filled with a peaceful warm glow. It's as if I am an empty cavern suddenly filled with bright sunlight. I ache for your touch; my skin burns with a desire I know is wrong, is alien to everything I've ever known or thought I wanted. Help me, Henry, I can't help myself. If you are Satan here to punish me for my evilness, then God above help me as I am without a will." John collapsed, sobbing bitter tears onto Henry's chest.

"Hush, John. Hush," Henry whispered, kissing his soft lips and eyes. "You'll wake the baby," he said and nodded to the cradle sitting unnoticed in the corner of the room.

Holding John tenderly until his sobbing stopped, he let go and lifted a sleeping infant from its cradle. Sitting next to John on the small bed, he related the sad tale of the young girl who had lived next to him. Abandoned by the father and unable to return to her family, she left the baby on Henry's doorstep and disappeared into the night. "He's my baby, and I'll love him and care for him as his mother couldn't."

Breaking into tears again, John related the tale of his brief marriage and the baby now awaiting him. Replacing the baby in the cradle, Henry turned off the lights. "Theirs is the future. Our time is now—this night. To give and receive a love which is ours alone. Come. Tomorrow comes soon enough."

Held gently in the man's arms, John caressed the silken hair covering Henry's body, tasting his flesh and breathing the fragrant musk of his hard body. Aroused beyond anything he had ever experienced, he nestled his head between Henry's outspread thighs and licked the thick, wet foreskin, sliding his tongue over its weeping head, then searching for its base amongst the warm, hairy folds of his bull-like scrotum. With mounting excitement, he opened wide the muscular thighs and laved the sweet, pungent slit, circling it with his loving tongue until it opened wide. Amidst Henry's breathless moans, John entered the soft, moist tunnel. Kissing Henry's feverish lips he drank deeply of the sighs of fulfillment and love which were murmured in ecstasy. In a blinding rush of passion, they erupted, their bodies filling with a blissful rapture which transported them to unscaled heights of joy and wholeness. And as he gazed upon the now still figure below him, John knew he had found a love more priceless than all he had thought was dear.

Withdrawing slowly from Henry, he again kissed the trembling lips and vowed eternal love, a love which would transcend time and space, a love which would . . .

Pressing his hand against John's lips, Henry murmured words of wisdom, words of woeful experience, words of caution and reason, sadly aware of the world's edict against their love. "Tonight's enough," he whispered. "Tomorrow comes soon enough. Now lay in my arms and dream with me. That is enough for us. That is what we are allotted."

Lying next to the sleeping man and listening to the quiet gurgles of the baby, Henry's words echoed in his mind. Caressing the gentle wise man, he knew he could never leave him; he knew his next course of action. He would not permit his dream to vanish with the coming dawn.

At ten o'clock the following morning, Martha sat uncomfortably in John's hotel suite, fidgeting with the neatly pressed pleats in her long skirt. Having been summoned curtly, she awaited with a foreboding certainty that her one chance to escape her bleak future and become John's wife had somehow slipped through her fingers. Was her imagined usurper young and beautiful, she wondered, glancing at her unadorned figure in the mirror, the lines in her somber face deepening with her growing anxiety? "Please, God," she whispered as John strode into the suite, a wild, almost frightening joy radiating from him as he animatedly paced before her, his words spilling from him in confused disorder.

In stunned silence, she weighed the choices offered to her: to remain a chaste maiden, caring for her elderly parents until she descended alone into abject poverty . . . or to marry John, a marriage in name only, and become the mother of two infants, one a bastard of the man who was to take her rightful place in the marriage bed.

Finding her confused and unable to give him an answer, John took her to the shabby tenement where Henry's baby was cared for during the day. Lifting the beautiful infant to her breast, a warm glow filled her heart. Yes, she would love the child, nurture the child, protect it from an unloving world; yes, she would accept her role within the menage and learn to love Henry as a brother.

At noon, cradling the baby in her arms, Martha Collier became the chaste bride of John Nash, the sister of Henry Clay, and mother of James Nash and Peter Clay.

That evening in the one-room flat, John was confronted by a raging, snarling Henry. "Where is my child? What have you done with him? You have no right to interfere in my life!" he said after John had described his plans for their future in Nashway and his marriage to Martha. "A rich man's concubine, that's what is to become of me, you think! To cover your mansion with richly carved panels, and to sneak into your bed at night while your real wife sleeps in the adjoining room! A whore is given more self-respect than that! And what's to happen to me and the child when you tire of us, when some young, handsome farm boy looks your way, or when your almighty Lutheran minister calls on you to account for the suspicions he is certain to have? You will throw us out, Mr. Rich man, Mr. John Nash—respectable, leading citizen! You will toss us aside like some piece of trash!"

"Never!" exploded John, as he attempted to embrace Henry, who struggled to free himself. With a burst of immense strength, John pinned Henry to the bed.

"Give me my child," Henry wailed as tears flowed from his eyes and sorrow overwhelmed him.

"Peter is now our child! James is now our child! *Ours*—not yours or mine—*ours*! If you cannot accept me as a rich man who loves you, then let me become your servant, sweeping the sawdust from your feet as you work, living as you live—here, in wretched poverty. I will do it! I will sacrifice myself as well as the future of Peter and James if that is what is necessary to remain with you and become worthy of your love."

John stroked Henry's sad face, brushing the tears from his cheeks. He kissed him tenderly and said, "I love you, Henry. I cannot live the rest of my days without you. What's mine is yours; what's yours is mine. Together we can face the Lutheran minister,

the wagging tongues of the gossips. All that matters is that we love each other and raise our children to be strong, to stand upright before the world who would condemn our love, to claim our right to be free, to be proud of what we will yet accomplish. Come with me, Henry. Be my loving partner in a new tomorrow."

On the edge of the vast, windswept prairie lies an abandoned hamlet which time has passed. Pausing amongst its empty boarded-up buildings on a still summer night, the sounds of gentle laughter and conversation can be heard from a distant mansion, aglow with radiant light, nestled amongst a forest of stately trees. Men of all ages, shapes, and color now gather here; some stay for a day, others for a week, a few, forever. They come to rest, to be restored, to rediscover who they are. They listen to the forgotten tales depicted on the mahogany panelled walls and sit before the fireplace, where two elderly lovers, Peter and James, retell the strange, wonderful saga of the place known as The Sanctuary, a place out of time. Come. Join us. It was prepared for you.

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE is a 50-year-old professional who lives in the Twin Cities with his lover. He's an active volunteer at Quatrefoil, the Twin Cities Gay and Lesbian library. He is currently writing a novel set on Minnesota's magnificent Gunflint Trail.

MONOGAMY--TWO VIEWS

LOVE NOTES by ROY

I'm the one who wrote the letter in "Starting From Scratch" in Issue #46's LETTERS. To reiterate, I was 22 years old and John was 23 when we met. Neither one of us had any sexual experiences with either gender. Although we both knew about our sexual orientation at a very early age, neither had acted on those preferences until we met. We were the first and only sexual contact we had ever had in life.

John had to leave for work earlier than me, and while he was having breakfast alone, he would write me little love notes. Over the course of thirty years John wrote over 11,000 such notes and I regret not saving them all. I attended to all of his needs in life. I did the shopping, cooking, laundry, cleaning, dishes, and ironing. When we went on vacations, I did all his packing and unpacking. I even made sure all the household bills were paid on time. He, however, took great care of the little child in me that I did not even know was there. Every morning, John dealt with me in this moment at the beginning of his day. He never left the breakfast table without a message for me. A coffee cup was always there along with a juice glass and his message. His love notes were left as though they were almost a place mat of sorts. While I never told him that I kept some of them, these notes are the purest essence of my life with John. As a friend recently said to me, the first act was so wonderful that surely no one would want to see the curtain rise on the second. No one could stand the imagery of Act II.

The following note is my favorite:

Dear Roy, I love you! If I had millions and could not share it with you, I would be a beggar. If I had a voice like Caruso and couldn't say I love you, I would be as a mute. If I had hearing so sensitive as to hear the grass grow but couldn't hear you say, "I love you," I would be deaf. If I had the touch so keen that a fingerprint I could detect, but you weren't there to feel, I would be but like a stone. I love you so much . . . . Just love me a little.

When you have read ll,000 notes such as the one above and have been involved this much with another person, it is as though you are breathing for each other. I cannot imagine sharing this breath with a third person. To be in love and loved this much is enough to satisfy both the penis, your id and your ego. While we both looked and admired others, we never wanted to respond to those desires. While they were there, we never wanted to risk the chance that our magical life could be interrupted. Yes, SAXON from Colorado, there is a secret to monogamy. Find a lover with whom you can share your life with—to share as you would want to share with yourself. One-on-one as you would with yourself, not viewing the other as an object, but as an equal.

I have never met a couple in a long term relationship (more than 20 years) that was open ended. All of these relationships have been monogamous. These are not just short 5 or 6 year relationships. I am speaking here of 25, 30, 42, 45, 50, 59, 62-year relationships. I definitely know that they have been unequivocally monogamous.

RR is 53 and lives in Michigan. His mate of over 30 years tragically died during surgical complications in late 1990.

OPEN AND CLOSED RELATIONSHIPS by PAPA BEAR

This is a response to SAXON's question: Is there a secret, magic formula out there for living together over time without taking away the other guy's right to privacy once in a while? In simpler terms, SAXON is asking, "How can I satisfy my need for sexual adventure, to play around a little, and not injure my important relationship or end up feeling guilty?" This is a valid question all of us have to deal with at one time or another.

A young man who responded to my CR ad has arrived from the Midwest, and we are just beginning work on a permanent relationship. The problem of fidelity can no longer be put on my back burner. I realized this was going to be an issue when we first began to get serious and, being somewhat analytical, I decided to research the problem.

One thing I discovered is that men can be just as shallow and fickle as women. We are not all that different. Married men play around, too, but not to the extent that gay men do. When a man has sex with a woman, there is an unspoken bit of commitment there. Not so with gay men (thank God). Our race procreates because of male sex drive. Say what you want, but this relentless drive is the problem we deal with when we discuss fidelity.

During the past six months I have asked many gay men how they dealt with the problem of open versus closed relationships. None of these solutions is either right or wrong. My observations are as follows:

1. I found not one totally monogamous relationship (though I know that these do in fact exist), and the relationships that were close to monogamous were not always happy relationships.

2. Most gay couples had various degrees of open relationships: a) Some agreed that each partner could do whatever he wanted when traveling, but when they were together they "behaved themselves." b) Most said that they would not bring extracurricular activities home to the marriage bed. c) Some said that they never talked about outside relationships. They just had them. Others shared the intimate details. d) Some

couples had intricate sets of rules which allowed them the freedom to be with other men on occasions. My feeling about this was that life was complex enough. Why set up more rules and regulations? e) Some went hunting together and brought the prey home and shared the experience. f) Some just lied to each other.

Most of the relationships characterized in this publication deal with younger and older men. To seasoned men I offer this to consider: Over the past two years I have met a number of young men who have mature partners of long standing who are unable to perform sexually. Some of these younger men have expressed guilty feelings over the time they spent with me. One thing I have learned from this is that under no circumstances will I make my young companion swear fidelity forever. It would not be fair to subject him to such idealistic nonsense which will only create feelings of guilt later on. None of us know what life has in store.

To younger men: I suggest that you take a closer look at your companion's sexuality. Exactly what will make him happy? He has had more experiences, has more of a past. How has this affected his sexual expression? Older men look to younger men to add excitement, adventure and youth to their lives. Young men look to mature men to bring experience and stability to a relationship. The qualities we bring to our relationships do not necessarily mean that any of us should deny our own sexuality.

For my research I came to several conclusions:

1. Men need to become more aware of the sexual needs of their companions, whether younger or older. Most of us tend to place our own private needs in priority and adjust things from there. I would suggest that sexual needs could be talked about and *joint priorities* developed—priorities which can work for both of you.

2. No relationship can survive without communication. The more communication, the stronger the relationship. Lies and deceit are negative communication.

3. Trust is essential to every successful relationship. *I trust you to know my vulnerabilities and not to take advantage of them. I trust you to not play with my emotions. I trust you to use discretion when we are not together. I trust you.*

4. Men tend to equate sex and money and good looks with love. Real love has little in common with sex, money or looks. Anyone who has experienced a deep love for another knows this. Both young and older men have been known to move into relationships because of money, and associations built on this shaky a foundation rarely last. Every man entering a relationship should define what he exactly expects love to be, then work toward that reality. Sounds easy, but it is not.

I have dealt with love both as a heterosexual man and now as a gay man. I know how difficult it is to relate what I *think* I want, and who I *think* I am, to the giving of myself that is essential to experiencing real love. Love is not an abstract. It can and should be the most vital part of a relationship, and should have little to do with good looks, sex or money.

SAXON asked for a formula. There is no formula that works for everyone. We must develop our own formula using some of the ideas I have talked about. At this point, I don't know what formula my new companion and I are going to work out. Right now we want a closed relationship that is open. How's that for a mass of contradictions? How many of us feel this way? This is a complex issue, and the solutions we all discover are complex. These complexities give dimension to our lives to the degree that we deal with them, because they can bring us either extreme anxiety or great joy. Life is truly what we make it.

SAXON, you've stirred up a difficult and complex issue. Formula? How about A+C+T+L=RPR (Awareness + Communication + Trust + Love = A Rewarding and Positive Relationship).

PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR live atop a lush green mountain within a primeval redwood forest overlooking the Russian River (north of San Francisco). They operate an exquisite bed and breakfast establishment called "The House of a Thousand Flowers." Write them for a free brochure.

PUBLICATION POLICY

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. We seek works that appeal to mature men and their admirers, especially those which hold our seniors in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We do not accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn." We do, however, accept unusual fiction (adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, sci-fi), the more erotic the better, PROVIDED IT HAS ARTISTIC MERIT AND REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

—Drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Poetry.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers— same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, nude or otherwise, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration. Prefer flaccid or semi-erect on nudes.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash, as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 14 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays or plays will not be accepted.

TIPS ON BECOMING A CHIRON RISING MODEL

If you want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional. Please don't send Polaroids, shots taken in bright sunlight with deep shadows, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing.

If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, please send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

BLUEJAY

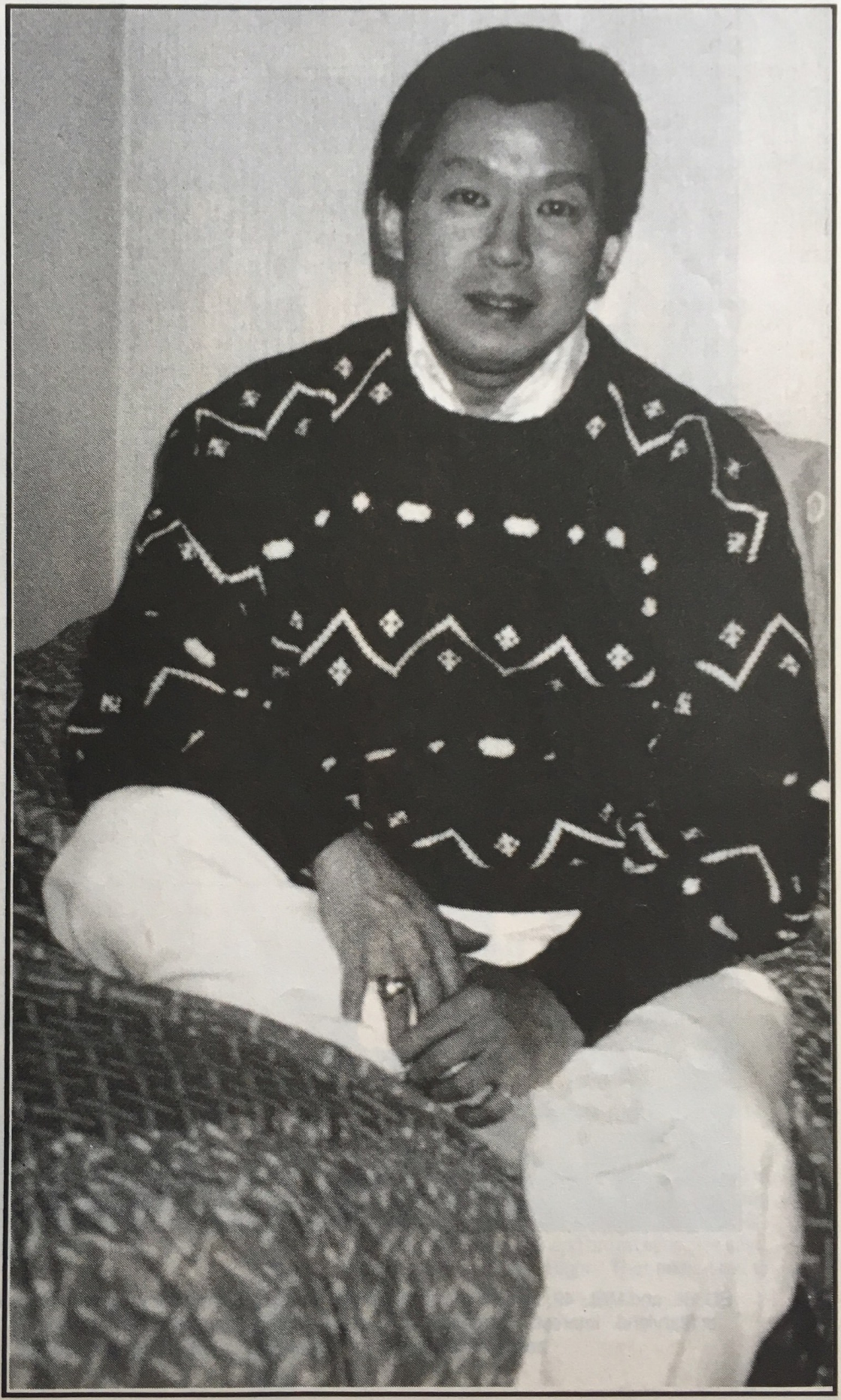


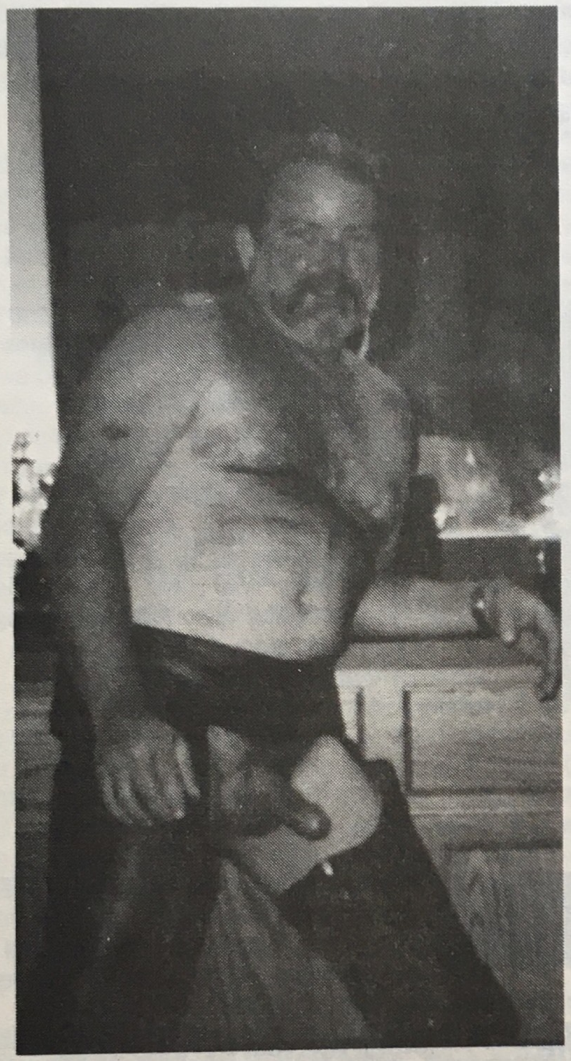
PHOTO BY HAWFINCH

BLUEJAY is a 40-year-old, 5'-4", 143 pound Western Canadian of Japanese ancestry. He's well-travelled and seeks friends and correspondence. He enjoys meeting mature men, 50+ (stocky, hairy a plus). He lives with model and writer HAWFINCH, his companion of 11 years.

ED AND MEL

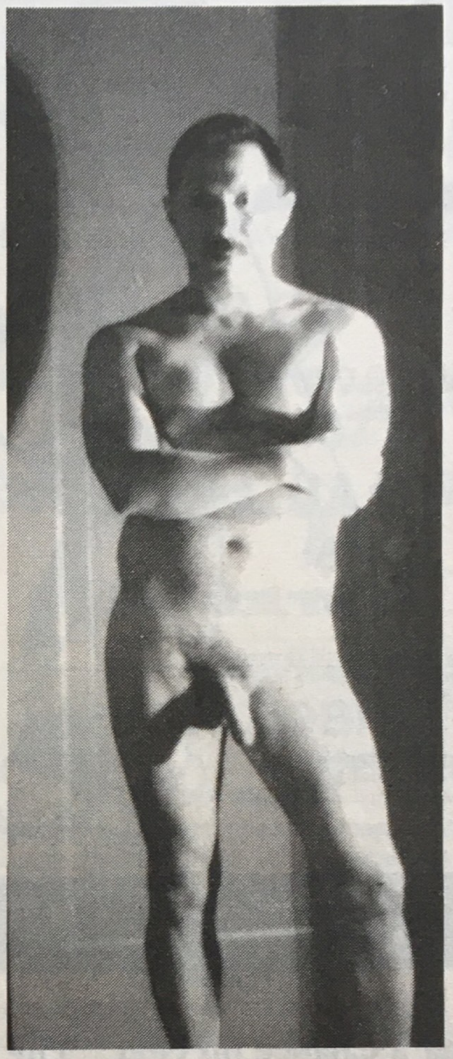
PHOTO BY ANNON

ED, 66, and MEL, 49, enjoy the tranquil life and environment of their waterfront home on the eastern shore of Maryland. Interests: gardening, food, classical and standard music, and humor. Photos, letters and possible meetings from responsible couples/singles welcomed.



DON
photo by LOU

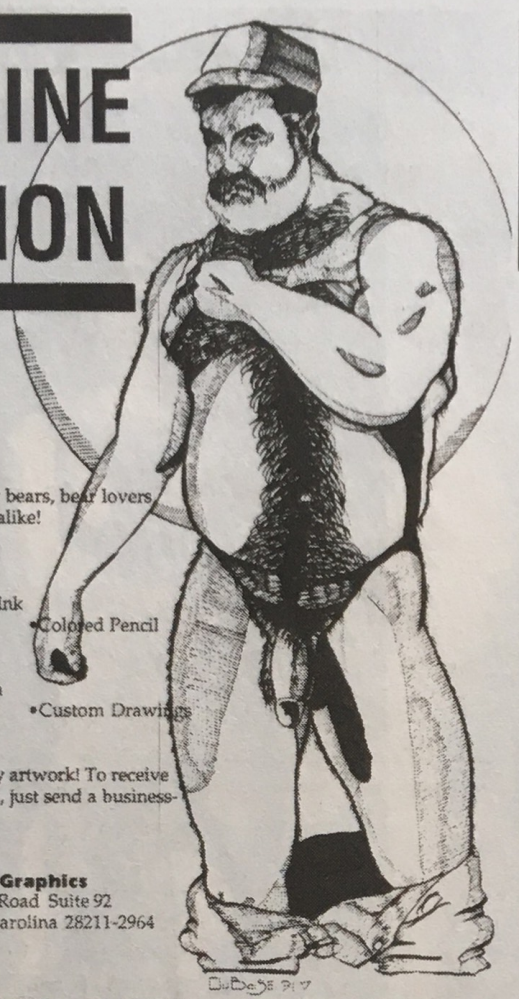
This 47-year-old hunkaman is six feet and 200 pounds, but he loves cooking, classical music and travel, not to mention French A/P and Greek A/P. He lives near Washington, DC with his partner, the photographer.



ABE
a self portrait

ABE is formerly from Montana, but finds himself in Washington, DC, and hoping to move back to the Big Sky Country in the worst way. He's 42, 5'-5", masculine, with black hair and brown eyes. He says, "I'm not looking for Mr. Right. That takes time to become."

URSINE NATION



Quality artwork for bears, bear lovers, chubbies & chasers alike!

- Pencil
- Pen & Ink
- Colored Pencil
- Portraits
- Design
- Custom Drawings

Invest in top quality artwork! To receive further information, just send a business-sized SASE to:

Fuzztone Graphics
4516 Randolph Road Suite 92
Charlotte, North Carolina 28211-2964

"The ocean of life is seldom smooth; thundering storms will come and go, while unseen pressures bring constant tides. But there is a calm that makes great beauty among the golden sands of time." CR model, **DOUG**

THE BigAd

A Worldwide Personals Publication for the Full-Framed Man & His Admirer!

For information, send S.A.S.E to:
The Big Ad
2966 Diamond St., Box 448
San Francisco, CA 94131
***or call:* (415) 695-2327**

TWO FROM JOHN McNEILL

Taking a Chance on God
Liberating Theology for Gays, Lesbians, and Their Lovers, Families, and Friends

" His new effort is like a harsh, but bracing wind that blows away illogical and cruel theology."
–Bay Area Reporter

"[McNeill] is a bearer of theological promise and spiritual hope to lesbians and gay men who have wrongly suffered rejection and betrayal in the name of God."
–The Advocate

$9.95 paper

The Church and The Homosexual
Third Edition
Updated and Expanded

Now with new material on AIDS, gay and lesbian sexuality and McNeill's own struggle with the Catholic Church.

"A vintage work in the evolving history of the relationship between gay people and institutional Christianity. McNeill's book remains central to the story."–Malcolm Boyd, author of *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*

$9.95 paper

John J. McNeill was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

Beacon Press books are available at fine bookstores or directly from Beacon Press. To order by phone, call 617-742-2110 ext. 596. Have Visa or MasterCard information ready.

Beacon PRESS

25 Beacon Street
Boston MA 02108

(Continued from page 13)

and will consist of three 30-minute segments ("The Frank Garbo Show"/"Drunk on Spunk"/"Horse Meat"). The video will be available for shipment throughout the U.S., Europe and Japan sometime after February, 1992. We will carry a full color photo of the star, Frank Garbo, in the next issue.

THE VIP STATUS

We've really agonized over just what we intend to give those with a "V" on their mailing label. The letter signifies that the subscriber has either been with us for a long time, donated a gift subscription to a needy reader, or done something else worthy of our good graces. The problem is that we have a substantial amount of equally loyal readers who have bought their copies from bookstores or purchased them one at a time by mail order for years. Worse, we haven't even begun to locate all the guys who've been with us for several years (our data base has 6,000 names). Granted, we can eventually locate the mail order guys in our data base and give them a "V", but we can't do anything for the loyal bookstore purchaser. Sounds a little discriminatory, huh? We're also concerned that we're getting ourselves into a big bookkeeping mess. And since there is a chance that our magazine will be four times the present size next year, we'd prefer to table the V status and think about it some more. Any suggestions would be appreciated. How's that for indecisiveness?

INVENTORY SALE EXTENDED

We still have a few more back issues we'd like to clear from our inventory. If you, your club or organization would like to have a mix of 20 copies of sample regular back issues (October 90 through April 91) to pass around to your friends or members, send us just $5 to cover shipping and handling, and we'll ship them to you via UPS. That's right, just a quarter each! The catch is that you have to take at least 20. Make sure you send us your street address, because UPS will not ship to a P.O. Box. Offer void in other than continental U.S. Hurry. Supplies are dwindling. Statement of age for non-subscribers, please.

We are also extending the clearance sale for back special issues, too (November 90 with the novel SANCTUM and the May 91 with the novel MOONFINCH). For just $10, we send you five of each to pass around to friends and club members, but you must buy at least 10. That's just $1 a piece. Offer good in continental U.S. only, and we must have your street address. You must also send a signed order form from a regular issue. The same rules apply. This is mandatory, because the November 90 issue has naughty, graphic material we can no longer publish!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We are pleased to announce that PDC (Publishers Distributing Company), a division of Liberation Publications, Inc., is now our primary distributor to magazine wholesalers and retailers throughout the U.S. and Europe. We are very excited about this fortunate happening because it will enable us to reach the widest readership possible. Overnight, our press run has already doubled and will quadruple by the middle of this year. Thanks to PDC, we will be free to focus on creating one of the finest magazines on the market. As our sales increase, we will upgrade accordingly, adding more glossy color pages. As our readership increases, so too will responses to personal ads and fan letters to models. This is the big break we've all been waiting for, and we have PDC and Liberation Publications to thank for believing in us and giving us a chance.

BOOKSTORES

CHIRON RISING will soon be sold in virtually every fine gay or progressive mainstream bookstore in the U.S.A. and Europe.

MAGAZINE RETAILERS,
CHIRON RISING IS NOW AVAILABLE THROUGH:

P D C

(PUBLISHERS DISTRIBUTING COMPANY)

P.O. Box 4371
Los Angeles, CA 90078

(213) 871-1225, ext. 225

HEALTH TIDBITS

CANCER FIGHTER

According to several medical sources, a cancer-fighting food supplement called ENDROX will be available in early 1992. Anyone having more information of this, please send it to us for sharing with our readers.

ACE INHIBITORS

To the benefit of one million Americans, a medical treatment has been shown to stop the development of congestive heart failure. Researchers found that a class of drugs called ACE inhibitors can temporarily prevent the start of heart failure symptoms in those with damaged hearts. In August of last year, a medical team disclosed that the treatment can significantly improve the survival of people who already suffer from heart failure, the killer of nearly two million Americans per year. Results show that ACE inhibitors can also delay the development of heart failure in those high risk people who have injured left ventricles, the heart's main pumping chamber. Such damage often results from heart attacks, chronic high blood pressure and heart inflammation. Dr. Salim Yusuf of the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute says, "The key issue is: Can we prevent people from getting heart failure?" Researchers found an approximately 37 percent reduction in the development of heart failure among those who took ACE inhibitors. The five-year study was conducted on 4,228 people at 83 hospitals in the U.S., Canada and Belgium. Half of the people in the study took *enalapril*, one form of ACE inhibitor, while the rest got placebos. Dr. Yusuf explained how ACE inhibitors work. An angiotensin-converting enzyme, or protein, causes blood vessels to tighten and narrow, forcing the heart to work harder as it pushes blood through the body. ACE inhibitors relax the blood vessels by interfering with the protein. Ask your doctor about ACE inhibitors.

RETIREMENT . . . Essay by FLORES

Today:

This is your last day at work.

Assumptions:

Home paid for.

Car paid for.

No loans or debts.

NO credit cards.

Home and major furnishings good for at least ten years without major expenditures.

Car is good for another ten years, with care.

Tomorrow:

This is your first day of an enjoyable retirement.

Total your gross annual retirement, including interest and dividends. (Forget the principal or initial tax waivers.)

Subtract:

All taxes using current tables with standard deductions and *NO* itemizations.

Property tax.

Utility bills.

Basic telephone bill.

Newspaper bill.

Garbage bill.

Car license fee.

Veterinary bill and license.

Home insurance.

Car insurance.

Life insurance—your share.

Health insurance—your share.

Medical bills not covered by insurance (be reasonably generous because, unfortunately, this will only increase).

Clothing allowance, including laundry and cleaners (1/4 to 1/3 of current expenses should do).

Church, social, society dues you absolutely *MUST* continue.

Car maintenance—gas, oil, lube, tires, tune-up, etc.—*ALL* done by a mechanic.

Supermarket shopping, including the pets and cleaning supplies (forget about the meals out or take-home fast foods you indulged in while working).

Reasonable amount for yearly minor home maintenance, including the garden—*ALL* hired out.

Barber or hair dresser (you do not have to go every week!).

What was overlooked? Ideally, you should have thirty percent or more left over unspent. This provides a comfortable cushion to relax and enjoy a retirement which includes dinner out, vacations and other treats. If you cannot approach that percentage, where can you cut *NOW*? In addition, you should have an additional thirty percent available for the first year of retirement. It takes time to make the transition to a world of no time clocks, and you are very prone to make spur-of-the-moment trips, purchases or treats.

If you are now married, this exercise should also be done where there is only one of you. Often, survivor's benefits are markedly decreased, and if so, can a reasonable standard still be maintained?

Occupation:

After the first year a well-planned retiree has less free time than while working. Lord knows why. Perhaps because we no longer have a schedule we *MUST* obey, therefore we procrastinate and putter. Whatever the reason, it is very difficult to find enough hours.

If you like crafts, ceramics, art, photography, et cetera, join an evening adult class now for a year or so and see if you would be happy doing that after retirement. Or, enter low level local politics. Join a service group helping younger or older people. If you have a skill, could you teach it to others? If you like sports, join a club that caters to all ages, including the retiree group (that is you, remember!). In short, keep exploring interests until you find one or two you are really happy with and could willingly do for hours on end even if your health should deteriorate. By doing it now, the cost is low, and if you find something where the necessary equipment can be expensive, start buying it before retirement. Hobbies tend to get out of hand and require a fair sum. If you make money with the hobby, good for you, but don't plan on it in your retirement income. All of this certainly does not imply you cannot go out to play golf, fish or hunt, but treat them as you did while working: a little luxury change of pace.

So are you going to move?

Taxes and utilities probably will be higher. How close is the hospital and how are you going to get there? How close is shopping and how are you going to get there? Public transportation is not always available in small towns and you might not be able to drive, especially at night or in a storm. Can you take three months of snow and pay someone to shovel you out all the time? Can you take months of rain, fog or heat? Remember, you cannot afford two homes now to escape bad weather, and a motor home costs money to operate. Are you going to be faced with several hours drive just to have a taste of civilization (besides a show, there would be meals and hotel)?

If you leave the country, can you handle the local language, customs, food, housing and politics? Will you have double taxes: U.S. and theirs? Can you bring your money back if you decide to leave? Can you afford to return for a vacation in the States? Can you afford all new appliances there and when you return for good?

I mention having someone do your car, shovel snow, repair or repaint the home, do the garden; remember, you might not be able to do everything then that you do now.

The sooner you start planning, the better off you will be. Experience shows that salaries and expenses maintain relatively the same ratio year after year, even though salaries tend to lag a little behind expenses at times. It all evens out. So if you did this exercise today and find you can live comfortably, then you should have very little problem fifteen years from now. If you cannot, then *NOW* is the time to start making adjustments in your current standard of living. And it certainly will not hurt to periodically review this to see how well you are on course. Any projected salary increases due to future promotions should never be included. They should be treated as pleasant surprise retirement gifts that will give you that much more to really enjoy.

One final thought. A retirement community might be the perfect answer and should be explored. Whatever you do, planning many years in advance is *MANDATORY* in order to avoid being faced with the choice of working until you die or having to retire in starving poverty.

FLORES is single, sixty-four, retired, and resides in the San Francisco Bay wine country. He muddles along in horticulture under the surveillance of a one hundred pound puppy and a fifteen pound kitten.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON . . . A true story by D.T.

I have known that my 27-year-old, second eldest of five sons was gay for nearly ten years, but until Father's Day, 1991, neither of us had ever discussed our sexual orientations.

I am from a small-town Mormon background. I was raised to expect a prosaic lifestyle: work, marriage, children. Living in a moderately small Northwest city with a relatively high professional and social profile, I was basically living a straight—as opposed to closeted—existence insofar as I only had one substantive homosexual experience between marriages and never expected any long-term personal relationship to come of it.

Ultimately, I followed my two older children—my eldest and homophobic daughter and my gay son—to Houston, accompanied by my 16-year-old self-styled, sexually addicted, straight son, who immediately ran wild into sex, drugs and any other self-gratifying atrocity he could imagine. So here I was in a large city with a large gay population, relatively unknown except to the people I worked with.

I discovered personal ads and launched into a mad letter-writing campaign to acquire a companion. I was free to love in the way I really wanted to love, and I had great expectations. So what did I accomplish? Not much, except for a series of one-night stands which were exciting but not gratifying.

Then I started seeing a guy I had met through the new local PRIME TIMERS chapter. I began juggling weekends, missing half-formed dates with my kids, getting in deeper and deeper, the horns of the dilemma becoming larger and larger. What to do? What to do?

Philosophically, I knew I had to talk to my gay son, but I was emotionally scared silly! How is a gay son going to react to the news that good old Dad is also gay? I guess I thought he might figure it out for himself, especially since I began to do a lot of reading on AIDS. I volunteered to drive PWAs to clinics and doctor appointments for a new program instituted by the Red Cross. I started cooking lunch at a gay PWA day-care center one day a week. I volunteered to serve Thanksgiving dinner at the care center where I was hugged by a multitude of people.

My gay son soon joined me in these efforts and became very curious as to why I was doing all this. I knew then that we had to talk, but since we have always been close, I was reluctant to drive any sort of wedge between us. Christmas passed. Nothing. The New Year came and still the same. Valentine's Day? No. Easter? Forget it. Obviously my resolve was as firm as Jello. My Birthday? Ugh.

Father's Day? No intention of its being a day of revelation. The day started off with a brunch at a very fine restaurant with my son and his homophobic sister. Sis had to work and departed. Father and son went shopping for antiques, and my son purchased a small Oriental rug. After some discussion, we decided to attend a movie, "City Slickers," which turned out to be a great movie. Dad's mind was scurrying around, asking, "Is this it?"

It was a hot day in Houston and my car air conditioner was on the fritz. I figured that, since we were already sweating, why waste it?

My great approach consisted of weakly squeaking, "Son, there's something we need to talk about."

He gave me a questioning look.

"You're gay, aren't you?" I asked him.

He quickly and firmly stated that he was.

With a squirming voice and the sudden shedding of tears, I told him, "So am I."

He registered a surprise, but didn't go into shock like I almost did.

After calming a bit, I told him that I didn't want anything to change our relationship. I told him that I was seeing a man and that eventually something would be questioned—that I just wanted him to know.

"Is that what's been going these past few weekends?" he asked.

I nodded. By this time I was blubbering, my chin was shaking and my eyes were flooded.

He said, "That's funny. I was just thinking the other day that you reminded me of myself by the flaky way you've been acting. Now I understand." He went on: "I tried to tell you about myself at Christmas when I stayed at your apartment, but I got so sick to my stomach that I couldn't do it."

My response was, "You've known me long enough to know that you could talk to me about anything."

"I know," he said, "but I just couldn't get started.

Of course, I understood the feeling quite well.

"My friend, Bubba, told me that he thought you knew, but I didn't believe him," my son continued.

"Bubba's correct," I said. "I've been aware of it since you were nineteen."

So there we were in a new phase of our relationship. There would be no more editing of conversations, no flaky excuses or reasons why either of us were unavailable some evenings and weekends. He's a great kid and I couldn't love him more than I already do.

Oh, yeah, I cried for three days at very odd moments.

D.T. says that he is a 65-year-old latent chicken hawk (55 and younger qualifies). He likes all types, but fantasizes about small, golden Latinos and Asians and people that look like JAMES in Issue #44. He would like to be obsessed with someone. He still resides in Houston.

S A M S O N

Japan's celebrated magazine is now available to the rest of the world. Excellent photography and artwork for connoisseurs of big and older men. In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $14. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer of money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office,Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

DISTURBING TRENDS

Opinion by THE HERETIC

RECREATIONAL HOMOSEXUALISM

In the August 91 CR (Issue #43) IN CLOSING section, which discussed outing and radical activism, there was a subcaption which said: OKAY, NOW CHANGE THE SUBJECT. I would tend to agree, except that I believe there is more involved here. So let's not change the subject . . . not just yet, anyway.

These two practices, outing and radical activism, are just symbols of deep philosophical differences. People's stands—there are those who are pro and those who are con— on this pair of issues tell you much more about the people on each side than you would think at first glance. The people involved could be divided into two basic groups, as follows:

First are the "cons": They are against both practices. They go about the daily business of life, and their sexuality is just one normal part of their lives. They get involved, but not on a 'round-the-clock basis—no street action, maybe quietly sending checks to AIDS organizations, and so on down the line.

Second are the "pros": They are for both practices. They seem to have a lot of time on their hands and appear to spend most of it involved with activism, their sexuality, gay rights, and so on.

Sounds okay, so far, right? But now let's strip away the veneer. I submit to you that outing and radical activism are often just another form of exhibitionistic voyeurism—and this especially applies to outing. These two practices could even be called "recreational homosexualism." Heresy?! I don't think so; so let's take a look.

With regard to exhibitionism and voyeurism, the outers are, in fact, voyeurs. They get their kicks by looking into, and watching, the sex lives of others. It appears to be their form of recreation. And once they've laid your sex life bare for all to see, then they're no longer interested. They've exhibited you. And they go on to the next victim. After a person is outed, his life seldom gets revisited or gets much attention. Outers are destructive. They're much like serial killers: cut 'em up, lay 'em bare, then go on to the next victim—only they don't use electric saws. Sadly, serial killers have problems, but the outers consider themselves to be normal. However, destruction of your life, or destruction of your body—there's not a hell of a lot of difference. Either way, you're wasted. And I don't consider people to be disposable commodities, to be used then discarded.

The pros claim they're creating "role models." We've all heard that. But their claims are transparent. In their radical activism, they out individuals: designers, athletes, politicians. But more significant (and I'll deal with it further on) is the emphasis placed on outing columnists, publishers, movie producers, television entertainers. In actual fact, however, young gay people are not being given role models through outing. The truth is just the reverse: *role models are being destroyed.*

If you were a young homosexual aged fourteen through eighteen, making a career choice, and saw all this going on, would you choose a publicly visible career? Would you spend a lot of money and hard hours of study on an education to build a public career—knowing that it could be wiped out at a moment's notice by a childish "professional homosexual voyeur," who's only interested in peek-a-booing your sex life? I wouldn't.

Outers are driving young, serious-minded people ever deeper into the closet . . . and out of public life. And these hypocrites have the gall to claim they're "making things easier for the next generation of young gay people." Their real motivation is that these pros are out to prove that they're "horrendously oppressed." Sometimes they even appear to *need* this feeling of oppression, perhaps to provide a rationale for their own lack of achievement or success. They are implacably resentful and envious. And to prove that they're so "horrendously oppressed," they must wipe out successful gay people; because successful gay people are the living proof that gay people *can* lead successful, constructive lives despite encountering some degree of discrimination along the way. They already are, in fact, role models. Radically active outers are out to exhibit their theory (feeling?) of extreme oppression, and to wallow in it. They're not out to create role models. To put it simply: destruction isn't creation.

And there are other motivations for outing (and radical activism), like "social leeching" and "media control."

The "social leeching" motivation is fairly simple to explain. It involves "hitching your wagon to someone else's star," or cashing in on someone else's success. The idea behind it goes something like this: he's successful and well-regarded, so if I can prove I'm like him, it'll improve my own image and make things easier. But it doesn't work. These pros may prove a common sexuality with someone they're outing, but the success and respect part is nontransferable. Success (or lack of it) is a highly individual thing, and it doesn't rub off on a group. In other words, the social leech may attach himself to his outing victim, but he can't suck the blood out. But this illustrates only one type of leech, which I'll call the "credit card" leech. He's looking for credit—or credibility—at someone else's expense. There are others:

There is also what I'd call the "cash-only" type of social leech. He's a voyeur who's interested in peeking into your sex life and exhibiting it to others—but only on a strictly cash basis (no credit cards here!). He's the voyeuristic publisher, gay or straight, who places your sex life on exhibit—at your expense. He exhibits it to his readers, gay or straight, who are also fellow voyeurs and want to take a peek. He does it strictly for the cash involved. There's big bucks in publishing. But the "cash-only" leech has nothing of his own worth publishing, so he sells the sex life of the outing victim. You're the commodity sold, and he pockets the bucks. He's like the auctioneers at the slave markets in the old South, the ones who used to put slaves up on the block and auction them off. No difference.

Then again, in a different twist, radical activists and outers are sometimes motivated by a desire to control the media. Thus their special attempts to out, manipulate, or harass columnists, publishers, movie producers, television entertainers. In normal political discourse, the pros have been unsuccessful in gaining acceptance of their ideas—often because the ideas are flawed. In any case, they cannot bear the thought that others could possibly disagree with them for legitimate reasons. So they give up and try to control the media—manipulate it—in order to ram their ideas down people's throats.

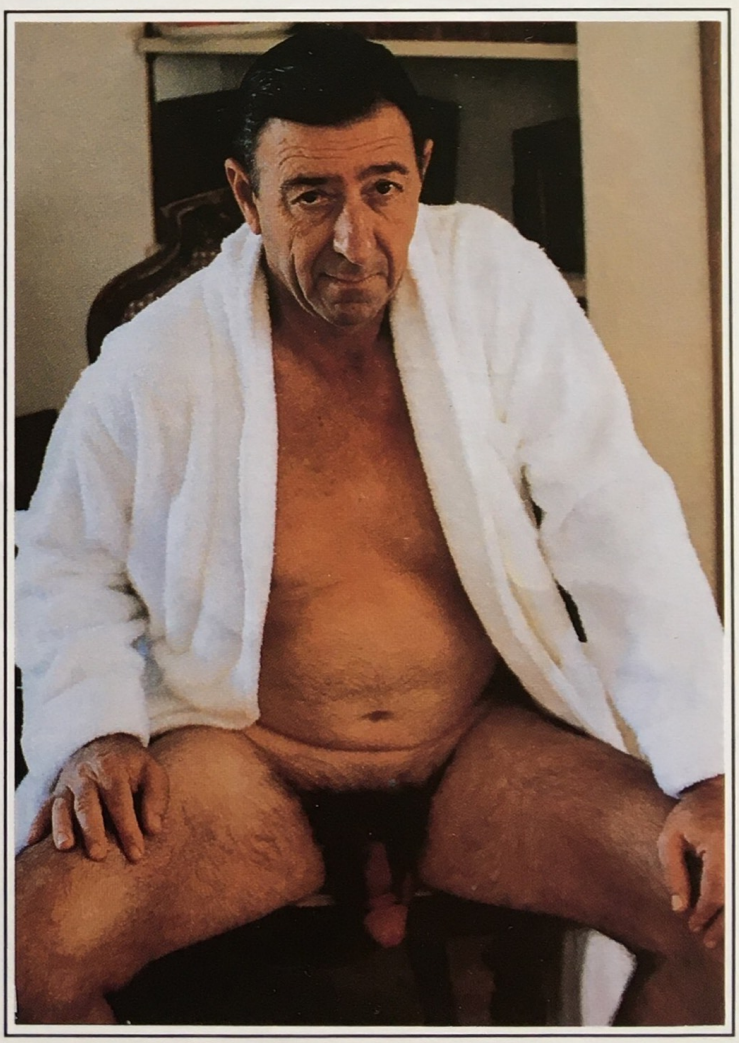
Media control and force-feeding of ideas didn't work for Hitler's Germany or Lenin's USSR. Both collapsed. And it won't work for the USA's Gay Gestapo, either. There are even signs that these tactics may be collapsing the whole gay-acceptance movement.

THE HERETIC is a 52-year-old New Yorker. Before becoming disabled (herniated spinal disc), he was regional office manager for a major railway . He's been involved in politics (fully rounded—not single issue) for 30 years. He will be bringing us a series of essays on politics from a fresh, moderate, politically incorrect point of view and welcomes your comments.

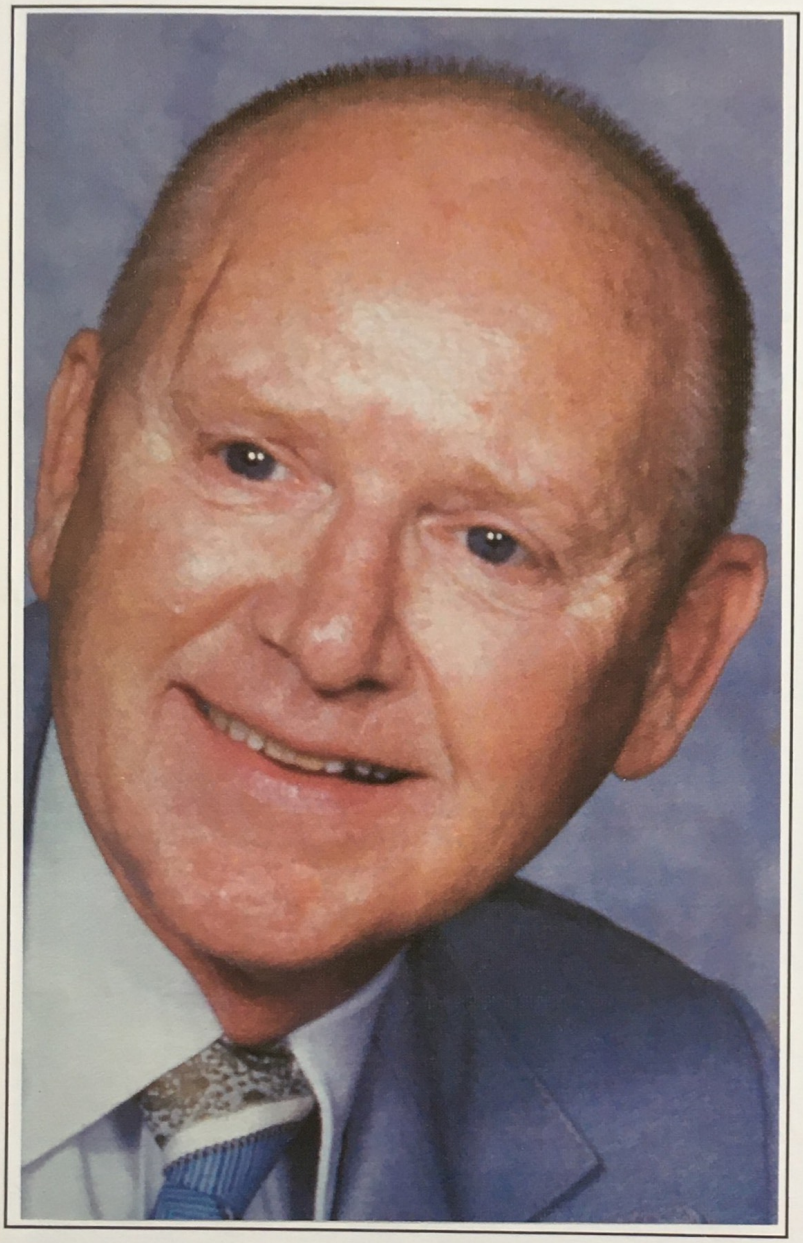
HORNED TOAD . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY

JOHN OF AUSTRALIA . . . photo by BRAD

MR. MANAGER . . . photo by THE TRAVELLER



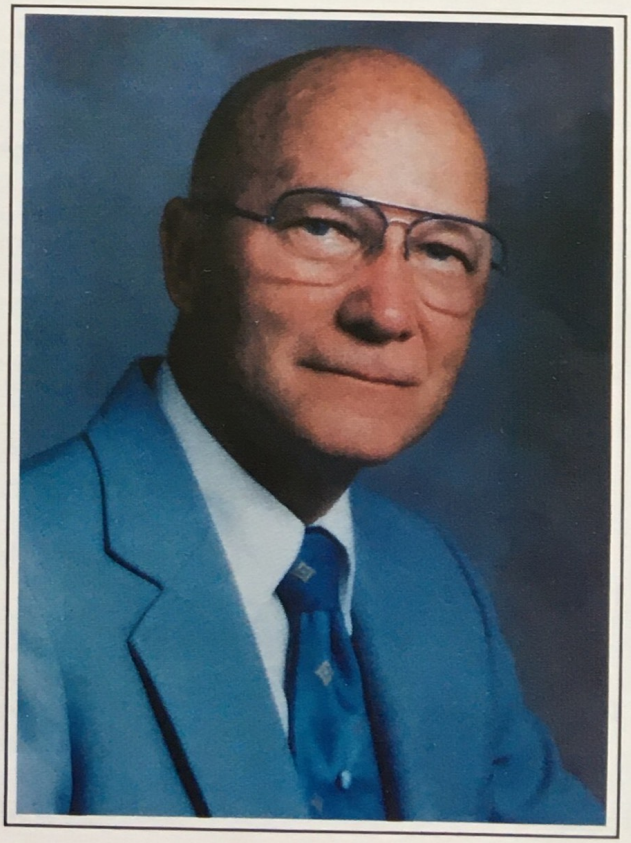
BIG "D" . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY



DOUG . . . a self portrait

I. SAVANT . . . anonymous

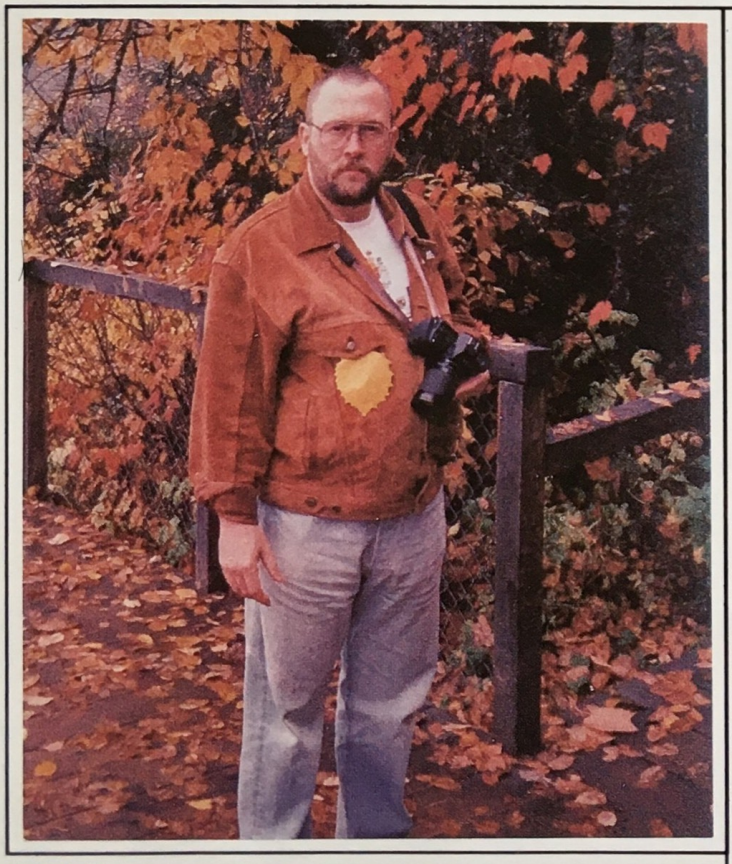
PORTRAITS



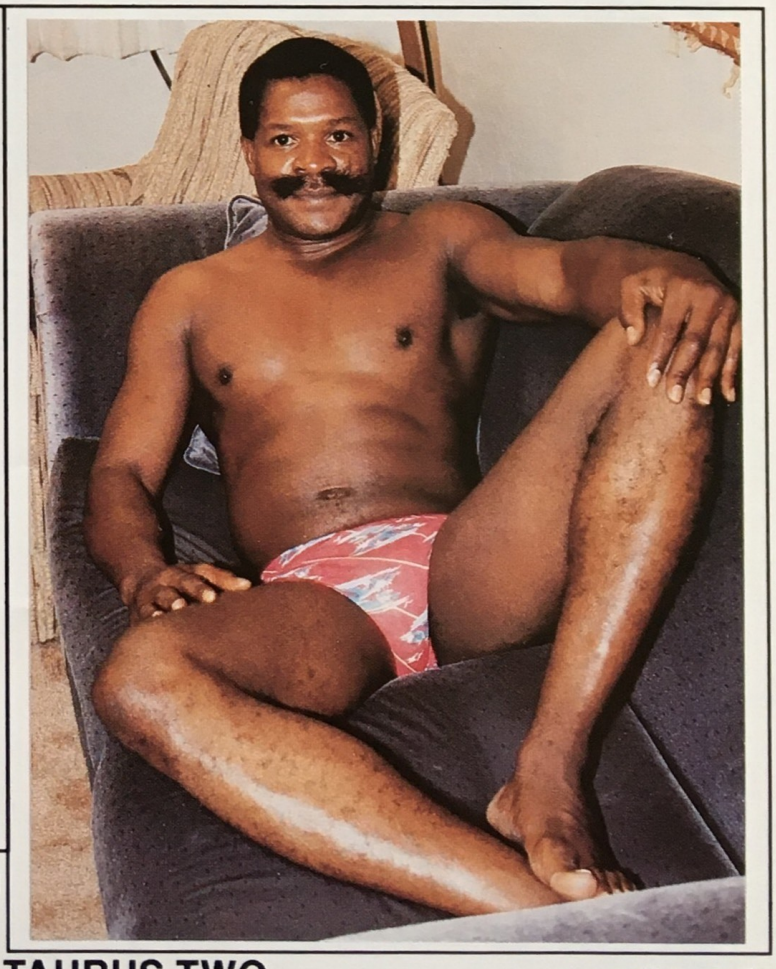
QUIET WIND . . . photo by SEARS

THE AMISHMAN **photo by KIRK S.**

BIG MAC & DENNY photo by P.H. COLLEY



PAJS photo by PETER OF AMSTERDAM



TAURUS TWO a self portrait

THE DEAL . . . Fiction by ROYCE

"I've got two pair."

"Well, one of them's mine."

"No, you stupid jerk . . . "

"Hey, watch the language. I am not stupid."

"With the way you play poker . . . "

"I told you the only card game I can play is strip poker."

"Yeah, yeah. 'And even if I lose, I win.'"

"Not bad. Your imitation of me is getting better. Pretty soon you'll be putting Rich Little out of business."

"Sarcastic jerk."

"Make up your mind. Am I sarcastic or stupid?"

"Do you really want me to tell you what I think?"

"Hush. And, I've got a royal flush."

"Again?!? Damn. Okay. You win. We play strip poker."

"Uh uh. You don't get off that easy."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I've been thinking . . . "

"Oh, God, am I in trouble!"

" . . . that we should just strip and play for sexual *favores*."

"Is that French or Spanish?"

"I like it any way, as you well know."

"Okay, you've got the deal."

"I want you to know . . . . Hearts on your undies?!? Now I've seen everything!"

"Not yet you haven't. Wait 'till you see what I do to you first."

"Oooh, a challenge! I don't know whether to lose on purpose just to call your bluff or not let you win and watch you die of frustration."

"Deal the cards and we'll see."

"Ouch, these chairs are cold. Especially for someone with buns as sensitive and caring as mine."

"Sensitive? Caring? Okay, they are extremely nice looking and eatable. And I especially like the way they're dusted with that nice silver rug you wear."

"Thank you. How many cards?"

"Just a minute. I haven't finished looking you over yet."

"Oh? Anything new?"

"After nine years? Well, no—but I'm not tired of looking."

"Thank you. I'd blush if I could remember how."

"Don't give me that crap—give me two cards instead—I know how embarrassed you get at the mention of sex in public. Man, if people really knew what a pervert you were in private. "

"Well, you're nothing to sneeze at. You have one of the best developed bodies for a forty-two-year-old that I've seen. And yes, your bald spot is sexy. Not to mention the gray mixed in with the red . . . "

"Okay, don't mention it."

"Sensitive, aren't we. I bid a blow job."

"Not so much any more, thanks to you. I see your BJ and raise you a tit-twist."

"Is that all? Well, I see your tits—nice—and raise you a finger fuck."

"Oooh, the big guns already."

"Hush. I'll take two more cards."

"Hey, you can't do that! You've already gotten your cards."

"My game, my rules. Besides, you can have another round if you want. And after you get your cards, I'll get your cookies."

"Uh uh. This hand goes to me."

"Oh?!?"

"Yes. I see your finger fuck and raise you . . . Well, it looks like I *do* raise you. Nice again. Only fifty-three-year-old I know who really is hung like a horse."

"'A whorse is a whorse, of course . . . '"

"You're singing that with the '*W*s' again, aren't you?"

"Uh huh."

"Okay. I'll see your finger fuck and raise you a real fuck. Now don't get too excited. If I win, I get on bottom."

"No way. You know I'm more comfortable in that position."

"Yeah, I know. But we both know that you won't hurt me with that thing. Get over that little fear."

"I repeat. Jerk."

"What's the matter? Can't handle your own game?"

"Okay, I call."

"Eat 'em and weep. A royal flush."

" . . . . . "

"Beg pardon?"

"I said, 'A pair of fucking jacks!'"

"Well, at least you got the adjective right."

"You really want me to do this?"

"Yes. Now grease me up, roll me over . . . "

"No, don't sing it."

"'Roll me over . . . roll me over in the clover . . . tie me down and do it again.'"

"I still think you got the words wrong . . . . What?"

"Nothing."

"Then why'd you grimace? Look if it hurts, I'm not going to . . . "

"It doesn't hurt—just a little tight. Why, jealous?"

"Take that then. We'll see who has the tightest ass when I'm through with you."

"Oh, yeah. That does feel good."

"You sound like a porno movie."

"Damn, why didn't I think of that. Yeah, faster."

"Think . . . of . . . what . . . . Ohmygodwhatbunswhataman."

"Video . . . ooh, shit . . . camera."

"Next time. Yeah, move like that some more."

"Next . . . uhn . . . time?"

"Yes. Oh yes oh yes oh yes."

"Yeah, give it to me, lover."

"Oh, I'm getting ready. Oh, baby, don't stop moving."

"One . . . thing . . . though."

"You . . . uhn . . . can . . . uhn . . . talk . . . uhn . . . at a time . . . uhn . . . like this?"

"Oh, faster. Yeah, like that. Oh, I cheated on the game."

"Aaaah. Aaaah . . . here it comes, Love."

"Ohmylovemygodmymandon'tstop."

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

"Jerk."

ROYCE is a frequent CR contributor of fiction and poetry. This lucky and talented young man lives in Houston with the grey-haired love of his life.

THE SPARK

Fiction by PUG SNIDER

I remember the first time Barbara Winters contacted us. Both my partner and I were just a little bit scared. She is a very sharp lady whose famous "in-depth" interviews often charm the wariest of her guests into spilling more than they had intended.

Abe and I had just racked up our third musical smash on Broadway. We rather expected that sooner or later the great lady would get around to probing into our private lives. Or perhaps I should say our "life," as we have always very definitely been a pair.

Actually, that first interview went very nicely. It was maybe a trifle bland, but that's because Abe keeps a tight lip, letting me, the blabber-mouth, do most of the talking. My answers to Barbara's oblique questions were just so much unadulterated horse shit. Right from the opening shot, it was all crap.

For instance, I told her that fate had brought us together at a muscular dystrophy benefit at the Waldorf. The truth is that he picked me up in a Howard Johnson's, where I was waiting tables. Number two lie: *Neither of us has ever married, because no sane woman would ever put up with our erratic schedule.* Number three: *We seldom go to parties because we do not drink.* The truth is that we both love getting drunk, once a show is on the boards. It's just that neither of us is looking for pussy.

Barbara asked the usual question: "Where do you gentlemen get your ideas for songs and plots?" I told her that we got our best ideas on planes between here and places like Paris and Peoria. I failed to mention the fact that our very finest ideas often came at rather awkward moments. Like when my cock was ready to explode in his mouth. Or worse, Abe would be driving that big dick up my asshole when, inspired like a madman, he would have to run for the nearest piano.

I've often wanted to write her and tell her the rest:

The first time he came into Howard Johnson's, more than ten years ago, he was with a group of loud Broadway types who always occupied the large booth facing 46th Street. At odd hours of the day or night, they would enter by way of the back door from the alley we shared with two theatres. He was a handsome Jew, well-dressed just short of flashy, heavy just short of fat, exuding an Omar Sharif sensuality just short of making me come in my pants every time I brought him his usual cheese cake and coffee.

The show next door, which had started out as a modest little musical down in the Village, began playing to rave notices and turned out to be the hottest ticket in town. I missed my sexy customer, not so much because of the dollar tips, but rather because of the fact that he had made a point of remembering my name and had, on more than one occasion, let a warm hand linger on my ass. Troy, the busboy—too wise for his fifteen years—who early on had detected my infatuation, informed me that Abe Murray had graduated to Sardi's and The Plaza.

The sudden realization that all this time I had been waiting on the composer of Broadway's newest hit fired my hidden ambition and encouraged me to think seriously about the clever verses with which I had filled notebooks. My words (kind souls had told me that I sounded like Sondheim) still lay undiscovered, waiting for a man like Abe Murray to transform them into lyrics wedded to his seductive melodies. If only I had had the guts to show him my stuff.

Like a dream answered, he walked in one afternoon. Alone. Instead of the front booth, he chose the last stool at my end of the long counter. There was a new sleekness about him. His pinkie sported a chunky diamond I had not seen before. His hands were a part of him I never failed to notice. Working hands—clumsy and graceful at the same time—the strong, spatulate fingers, hairy-backed, evoked pictures of a tireless dedication over a keyboard.

I was glad that Troy was off duty. He had a way of horning in, queering any real serious conversation. This time I had Abe Murray all to myself. Remembering that the man disliked the thick, heavy mugs, I brought him his black coffee in a demitasse. His perusal of the big menu was purely routine. As always, he ordered the cheese cake. And he did not forget to use my name. As if apologizing for his long absence, he sighed, smiled, and cut into the creamy dessert, confessing, "A man can stay away from this stuff for just so long." The rich cake and the strong java seemed to restore him, but not enough to erase the heavy air of tiredness. It was not yet five o'clock, yet signs of a healthy undergrowth of salt and pepper stubble shaded lip, chin and cheeks. This is the way he probably looked upon waking up each morning, only more so, and I had the feeling that if I unloosed the neat white collar and tie, I would expose a dense outcropping of the same wiry, salt and pepper hair which crept out of his gold-linked shirt cuffs and tangled in the intricate gold links of his expensive Rollex on that thick wrist.

My little notebook was in my hip pocket. That very morning I had awakened from a really neat dream—more like a series of wonderful little short dreams, which had produced not only a sturdy hard-on but a torrent of beautiful poetry. (You have to catch dreams while they are still fresh.) I got right up and filled pages with perfectly metered rhymes, some of them containing words which hadn't yet been coined. Was this the way Oscar Hammerstein felt after dashing off "One Enchanted Evening"? I masturbated like a crazy person. It was the only way I could get back down to earth.

The euphoria of creativity is all-powerful, especially during the first twenty-four hours following the birth pangs. And now here was Abe Murray, the music man himself, the newest darling of Broadway, where his melodies could be heard pouring out of cab radios and elevator Muzaks. Here he was, sitting right in front of me. But was it the right time to whip out my notebook and ask for a critical evaluation? In the harsh light of day in the hands of a master, would my words sound as clever and wonderful as when they—and my stiffening cock—had jolted me from sleep?

My reserve had always been my undoing. I was always against the hard sell, afraid of being pushy. Exasperating as Troy was—street-smart little urchin—you had to admit that his brash manner had wedged his way into conversations with some of the biggest celebrities to frequent our place. That's why he was such a gold mine of information. By now, he would have asked my customer, "What's your *next* show, Mr. Murray? Where do you get your ideas, Mr. Murray? Which comes first, the words or the music? Is 'Wrong Side of the Tracks' really based on your early

life, Mr. Murray?" All questions that I was dying to ask.

He declined a second demitasse. When the billfold came out, and then the tip—only this time it was a crisp fiver—I figured it was now or never. "Look, Mr. Murray," I blurted out. "I want you to look at my words," and I forced the dog-eared notebook into his elegant hands. "I sing 'em. In my head. Not out loud. Tell me if they mean anything. I know you're busy, but—," and I would have gone on and on if he hadn't smiled, pocketed the notebook, and grabbed my sweating palm in a lingering handshake, the warmth of which matched the fire of his intensely black gaze and the unexpected smile of those Sharif lips.

"Welcome to the club! Now I understand why you walk through your job like a man in a dream!" He let go of my hand, patted his pocket (and my words), checked his Rollex, and rose to leave. "I'll be away for awhile. But you'll hear from me, I promise." And he said, once again, "Welcome to the club," adding, "May it be a blessing rather than a curse." As he walked past the 46th Street windows, heading in the direction of the marquee proclaiming "Music and lyrics by Murray and Hazlitt," I wondered about Hazlitt. Blessing or curse? I tucked the five-dollar bill in my pocket, and when Troy came on duty, I didn't even mention that Mr. Murray had been in.

Days dragged by. Weeks passed. Early in May, after a six-month run, the theatre went dark. The whole street seemed dark to me. The knowledgeable Troy, who always knew everything, informed me that "Wrong Side of the Tracks" had headed for Cleveland and points west. I pictured Murray—and a vague Hazlitt, or someone vaguer—sunning on the Riviera or holed up in a suite overlooking the Parthenon, stimulating each other with snatches of melody and sophisticated rhymes in a labor of love that would emerge as next season's bright new musical comedy. I saw my notebook, lying in a drawer, unread.

Depressed as hell, my dreams more like arid deserts than fountains of creativity, I would wake up each morning without the frantic joy of transferring jewel-like words onto blank pages. Oh yeah, the erections persisted, and I would content myself with relieving the ache. But it was a lonesome business. Even during the busiest of days, like when I'd serve maybe a hundred customers—and there was always at least one who would come on to me—there wasn't anyone who made me feel like sharing that side of my nature.

I was like a zombie. Troy picked up on it, suggesting, "Why don't you go out and get laid, man? You still waiting for that fat old Jew songwriter to whisk you up to his penthouse . . . and I suppose he'd call it—collaborate—with you? Collaborate with him on top, you on the bottom?" The fact that the little smart-ass read my mind so accurately only made me feel worse.

Then one sunny June morning my horoscope predicted that I should "Drop everything! Opportunity will knock before sunset. Make the most of A.M.!" Upon re-reading the prophecy, I shivered at the possibility that A.M. referred not to morning but to "A" for Abe and "M" for Murray! Since we are not allowed to receive phone calls at work and have to rely on a pay phone next to the men's room, I dropped whatever I was doing each time it rang and made a dash for it. One was a wrong number. One was Troy's probation officer. The third time it was HIM. He sounded far, far away. I could picture him calling from St. Tropez or Casablanca. The happiest news would have been that Hazlitt had disappeared or dropped dead, demanding my immediate presence to assist in the preparation of the score for his new hit.

"Listen carefully," he instructed. "I'm at the Lord Chesterton. Make whatever excuses you have to. Get your ass over here and be prepared to stay a week. Or longer. You've got a lot of translating to do."

"You've read my notebook? I thought maybe you'd lost it."

"Lost it? Hell, I've slept with it, eaten it up, and gotten so high on the stuff that I'm just beginning to come down. Not since Cole Porter coined 'de-lovely' has anybody invented so many wonderful, crazy words." The voice coming through to me could only be described as some kind of a new sexual experience called telephonic orgasm. Had he gone on a minute longer I'd have creamed in my jeans. As it was, he said good-bye and I rushed across the street to buy a Bic, some Barbasol, a toothbrush, and a decent shirt and tie. The Lord Chesterton sounded like it might have a snooty doorman and a ritzy lobby.

I was more than well-prepared. And just a little let down. The Lord Chesterton was just around the corner and a few blocks up Eighth Avenue, not exactly the Garden District. I took heart from the possibility that its 250 air-conditioned rooms (some with private bath) had no doubt sheltered hundreds of actors, writers, opera singers and other colorful celebrities who liked to be close to The Great White Way. Room 907 was tiny and faced a court. The Abe Murray who greeted me was an older, slightly heavier man than the sleek customer I remembered. However, because he was wearing only a loose terry robe—unbelted and a size too small—I could see that my fantasy about a hairy chest was no fantasy. The only thing more surprising than all that dense body hair was the darkly-pink circumcised cock that almost got in the way of our handshake.

A tray of dirty dishes sat on the floor. A king-size bed, unmade, had been wedged against the window wall to make room for the nightclub-size baby grand piano occupying most of the room. When I glimpsed my little blue notebook beside the lamp on the bed table, I felt as anchored and safe in probably the same way that a drunken Dorothy Parker felt about the Algonquin.

"No luggage?" Abe asked. I relinquished my plastic bag of recent purchases and he tucked it away on the shelf above his own things. Abe seated himself at the piano, suggested that I take the desk chair, waved a hand at the general disorder, and asked, "Do you think you can call this 'home' for a week or so?"

"No problem. I guess I've called twenty different places 'home' ever since I left Missouri." I figured I'd let him know I was a flexible person. They say Sagittarians are at home anywhere. "I gave 'em notice at work. They said I could have my job back if things didn't work out."

"I have a hunch things *will* work out. The next time you and I walk into that place and order a piece of cheese cake, we can point out the window to a marquee that will blaze with lights, 'Cheese Cake . . . music and words by Murray and' . . . would you believe I don't even know your last name, Pug?"

"Snider," I explained, wondering if he thought Murray and Snider sounded as good as Murray and Hazlitt. The whole idea so excited me that, had he ordered me to, I would gladly have changed my name to Jones or Vanderbilt—or even Murray. They say that composers and lyricists, the successful ones, are as married as any real married couple. My gaze shifted from the dirty dishes to the crotch so openly exposed by his position astride the piano bench.

"I seldom dress before late afternoon. I find it much easier working unhampered by even so much as a pair of shorts." Although one hand still lingered in the vicinity of his genitals, the other hand rippled across the keys, indicating that the work day

had started. But not until I, likewise, observed the dress code. "Get comfy, Pug." So I shucked while Abe devoted both hands to the run-through of an up-beat little melody which made my spine tingle. Then, in a completely untrained baritone, he broke into words I suddenly recognized as my own. Of all the material he might have lifted from my little blue book, it was a shock to find that Abe had hit upon a random piece of doodling, embellished it with magic, and created a small masterpiece.

Unconscious of my nudity, I had joined him on the bench, as enrapt in his performance as if I had been a first-nighter at the opening night of "Gypsy." Strange, exciting music, coupled with oddly familiar words—recognized only because just a few months ago I had scribbled them in a meadow in Central Park. Abe's rough baritone echoed those words: "Strut, peacock, strut. Sing, Mr. Robin, sing. Suck, little hummingbird, suck."

With a professional flourish, he finished and turned to me. "Like it?

I hugged him. I think I cried. What I wanted was a cigarette, but when I reached for one, he took it away from me. "Sorry. No smoking. House rules." That's when I knew we were a "team" and he was in the driver's seat. He was tougher than he looked. He reminded me of a high school coach I had hated . . . and ended up loving. I had the laugh on little Troy, who had predicted, "You'll be out of there in twenty minutes. You *and* your notebook. All the guy wants is a quick fuck."

It is at this point that I have to tell you that that little ditty about peacocks, robins and hummingbirds did not emerge, full-blown, until two years later. Handsome guys and beautiful gals, all dressed as birds, introduced the song in the lavish production of "Birds," surpassing even "Cats" in the very same Winter Garden Theatre, where T.S. Eliot's felines had stunned Broadway.

As I said, the bird epic was stored away in favor of the fairly inexpensive little concoction which boasted a cast of only ten attractive young people, a simple two-level set, a minimum of clothing, and reached Broadway as "Cheese Cake." It was an unpretentious tale of boy meets boy, lifted entirely from the notebook which was really sort of a diary of my first lonesome days in the big city. Some of it sounded sort of sappy and juvenile until Abe sorted the words out, played with them, emphasizing what he called the Missouri accent, and tenderly wove them into a score that was sometimes fragile, sometimes tough. Without the "freakiness" of "La Cage," my words and Abe's music treated mixed audiences to their first honest look at a happy love relationship between two decent, very ordinary guys.

I will be absolutely frank with you. It was at least two whole days before we got started on the actual conception of "Cheese Cake." They say you never get to know a person until you have spent two days together, camping in the wilds, sharing a leaking tent, and being exposed to the hidden patch of poison ivy that lurks in each of us. Room 907 was our "tent" and the Lord Chesterton was plenty wild, what with faulty air-conditioning, an overly friendly bellboy and the unexpected arrival of ex-collaborator Hazlitt, whose wrath was directed not at Abe, but at me. It seems that the skimpy little silk kimono I was living in was the one prized item he had left behind when he had cleared out after the dissolution of their union. I surrendered the garment and retreated under the bedspread. I had no idea whether or not Abe had discussed me with him—the circumstances under which we had met—but Hazlitt's parting shot was "I see you haven't progressed far from 'The Wrong Side of the Tracks,' sweetie."

Dick Hazlitt, contrary to what I had imagined, was at least six-two and built like a football player. I have never known a man with violet-colored eyes, but this guy had 'em and they rivalled those of Elizabeth Taylor. The two of us alone again, Abe joined me on the bed and proceeded to fill me in—at the same time engaging me in a pleasant form of "afters," which I had come to appreciate as a delightful way of tapering off after a particularly hot session of thoroughly satisfying, highly educational, and completely novel lovemaking. I had long known that I had a nice ass, but until Abe came along, I was pretty damn sure that when it came to the business of letting a guy's cock in there, no way, man, no way. That decision was based on the assumption that no guy with a decent-sized dick could possibly enter me without serious damage and considerable pain. I shied off not so much from length as from girth, and I recall that, much as I had admired that first glimpse of Abe's threateningly gross thickness, I wanted to explore it in every possible way. But I ruled out the mere suggestion of letting that thick tool up this country boy's tight little hole.

How it came about, I will never understand. Abe Murray was not only a gifted musician, he was a skilled choreographer, too. I had been pleasant-sucked and, in return, had eagerly sucked that cock which was more than a good two inches longer and considerably thicker immediately upon the first wet tongue-play, even before my lips attempted to close around the rapid engorgement. I could feel Abe growing in my mouth to the extent that my lips and tongue suddenly became aware of the change from silky smoothness to the subtly different texture produced by the swelling of the heavy central vein running up the underside of that column of hot flesh.

As I said, Abe was a choreographer. With the grace of a strong dance partner used to leading—as in a heady waltz, when it's time to reverse—the cock withdrew itself, then slowly, inch-by-inch, insinuated the full length within my ass. Scarcely missing a beat, the rhythmic strokes of my mouth now duplicated the even more aggressive strokes of the already-stimulated member which had invaded a still-hotter, tighter confinement. Momentary pain was transcended by sheer joy and the wonderment of discovery as my mind accepted the fact: *This* is fucking. This is what people have been talking about all this time. And I was glad that this incredible man—and I could honestly say he was the first man I had *really* known—had placed us in a position where we were face to face. Here I was in a heretofore undreamed-of posture, my butt suspended in midair, my legs serving as arms to caress the back and shoulders of the thrusting lover above me, and happily, our eyes on a level enabling us to communicate what could not be put into words—or even a song!

Part of the comfortable, cozy "afters" was learning about Abe's early life—just about as humble and hopeless as my own had been—and unraveling the mystery of whatever had been between him and Dick Hazlitt. There had been two successful collaborations and a fair amount of good sex. Then some not-so-good sex. Then a period of high living and a cooling-off period during which Dick had played investment counsellor with the result that nearly all of their considerable fortune went down several drains.

As if in answer to my question, Abe told me, "I think I loved the guy. And maybe he loved me. But he loved even more the fiction of himself as a womanizer. Which is kind of hard to swallow when you can recall the way that man would carry on in a men's room at the sight of any halfway decent looking cock hanging out. As a WASP, Dick Hazlitt preferred that I soft-pedal my Jewishness."

I interrupted him: "I love your being a Jew. To me they've

always been sexy as hell."

"Thanks," he replied. "As long as you feel that way, maybe I'll forget the Murray and go back to my old name, Mansky."

He got back to Dick, explaining, "Dick has moved up several notches. He's living with a rich dame on East Fifty-second. All I can say is, "Never trust an AC/DC."

That was the first of many lazy afternoons and pleasant "afters" and we still rarely ever dress before five p.m. But today is an exception. We have to cut short the lovemaking, shower, get dressed, and get over to the studio, where Barbara Winters wants us for a second re-taping.

Make it in-depth, Barb. This could be a deep one.

Pug Snider is in his late 70s and lives in Illinois with his bearish, slightly younger lifemate. He's a retired journalist and is a master of creating literate, highly erotic and unique fiction. He would enjoy hearing from guys in Chicago, especially ones who lived on the near-north side, around Lincoln Park.

THE POETRY OF FUZZTONE

OTHER BRIGHT MOMENTS

In the absence of all the illusion
You are still a beacon sun,
And I cannot deny the magnetics
Of this insistent polarity.
You are to me in a word
Incandescence—
And I can't find another word
To express the completeness of this
magnificent illumination,
When I can taste your brightness
In the lingering afterthought on my lips,
And all the words I'd felt so important
Turn to vapors best left unsaid.
The grace of your touch
And the happiness you instill in me
Lingers long, and the holiness of this
Is what helps me see the dawn.
I have come to grips with losing you
Safe in the knowledge that you will
Never be so far away,
No farther than my most recent glance inside,
Where the warmth of your great shining presence
Is my most treasured happiness.

SUNS LIKE YOU

Shake me down, point my head at the sky.
See the universe in your eyes.
Crack the crystalline skyline overhead
And the heavens come crashing down on you.
Stars and planets spinning far away
And I can see them
I can see them in you.

Shake me down, point me at the sky,
I see the wonderment in your eyes.
Grip the edges of the satellites,
Reach out and touch the heavens.
Through the veil of oxygen I feel them,
They feel a lot like you
So much like you.

BILLY

I can tell by the stitch of your pants
That you are an important man--
You aren't, but you'd like for me to think so;
You're just like me, the same as me.

Like ugly women with beautiful children
You say nothing ever happens to us
Except that we always miss the bus;
I guess that's why I always miss you in transit.

I know my life will go on without you,
And if I never see your misproportioned
Face pressed against the plexiglass window again,
I'll think about this and feel happy.

FUZZTONE is a 25-year-old Southern Bear artist and writer who lives in North Carolina with his Big Fuzzy Bear lover. Nothing could be finer. This guy is into everything, it seems. He's an excellent artist, writer, poet and entrepreneur. His fiction will appear in Issue #48.

PROFILES OF OUR COLOR MODELS

FRONT COVER: **JACK** lives in Central Florida and is looking for friends who want to visit Disney World and have lots of fun in other ways. JACK and his friend, Philip, look forward to hearing from new friends.

PAGE 2: **CARL** is a retired educator and world traveler. He's now interested in house renovations, good food, good friends and new acquaintances. He lives in New Jersey.

PAGE 27: **HORNED TOAD** is 59, 5'-10", 180# and very well hung. This Connecticut auditor reminds us of Clark Kent: mild-mannered accountant by day and superstud by night!

PAGE 27: **JOHN OF AUSTRALIA** is likewise hung and likes to correspond with mature guys from all over on any subject.

PAGE 27: **MR. MANAGER** is a property manager in Northern California. He wears a kilt to Scottish gatherings; otherwise, he's a nudist.

PAGE 27: **BIG "D"** is 51, 6'-2", 185# and exclusively goes for men over 60. This Southern Californian lives up to his name with a sausage that would choke a 100 pound grouper.

PAGE 28: **DOUG** is a fascinating, extraordinarily wise senior who resides in Arkansas. He seeks younger men for expert attention.

PAGE 28: **I. SAVANT**, 63, is a North Texas professional designer and a Scorpio. He likes traveling, gardening, cooking and entertaining with dinner parties.

PAGE 28: **QUIET WIND** IS 60ish, 6 ft., 175# and self-employed. He's an affectionate cuddler, hates to sleep alone, and has his eye peeled for a dark, very hairy, loving, caring man to share life with in San Diego.

PAGE 29: **THE AMISHMAN** is 30, 6 ft., 215# and lives in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. He likes men like PAPA BEAR, HANDLEBAR and other big, husky, bearded, dark-haired men.

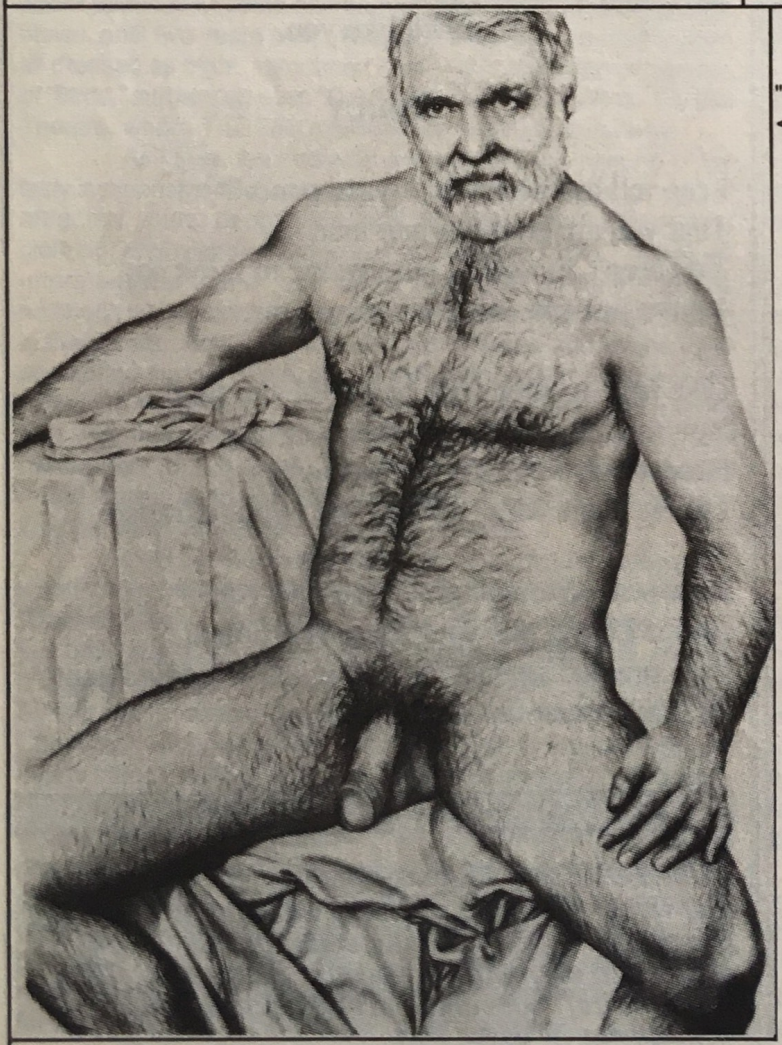
PAGE 30: **BIG MAC & DENNY** are two of our best friends, so we're always snapping pictures. If they look like two of the nicest most exciting guys in the universe, then believe it. They live almost on the beach in Orange County and are always receptive to meeting new friends.

PAGE 30: **TAURUS TWO** is a 40-year-old San Diegan who is 5'-8 1/2", 150# and self-employed. He's also well-endowed and a single ex-marine. He has a passion for older men, any race or size, 55+. He's especially fond of uncuts.

PAGE 30: **PAJS** is the founder of Girth & Mirth Deutschland and lives in Köln, Germany. He's a great photographer, too, and a great supporter of CR in Europe.

PAGE 55: **ARNIE** is 56, 5'-9", 200# and lives in the Atlantic Northeast. He's a bisexual nudist and a nonsmoker who seeks pen pals and friends who are older.

BACK COVER: **WALTER MITTY** is a 63-year-old outdoor type who lives in Orange County in California. He loves the beach, films(from Disney to porno}, music of all kinds. He's also one hell of an artist, as you will soon see in future issues.

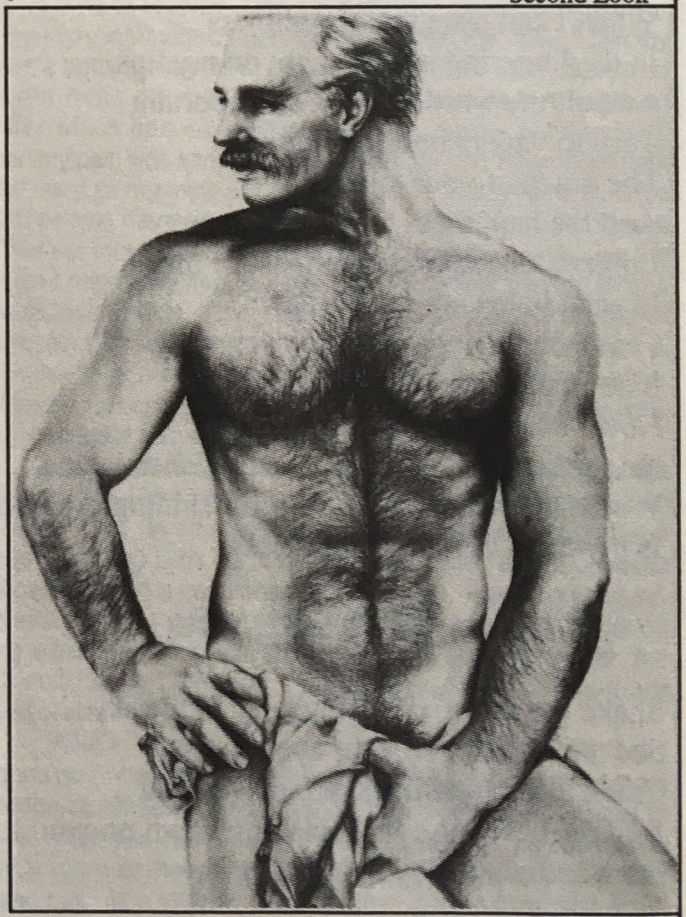


NEW PRINTS BY **WALT HENRY**

"Southern Gentleman"

<<<<

"Second Look"

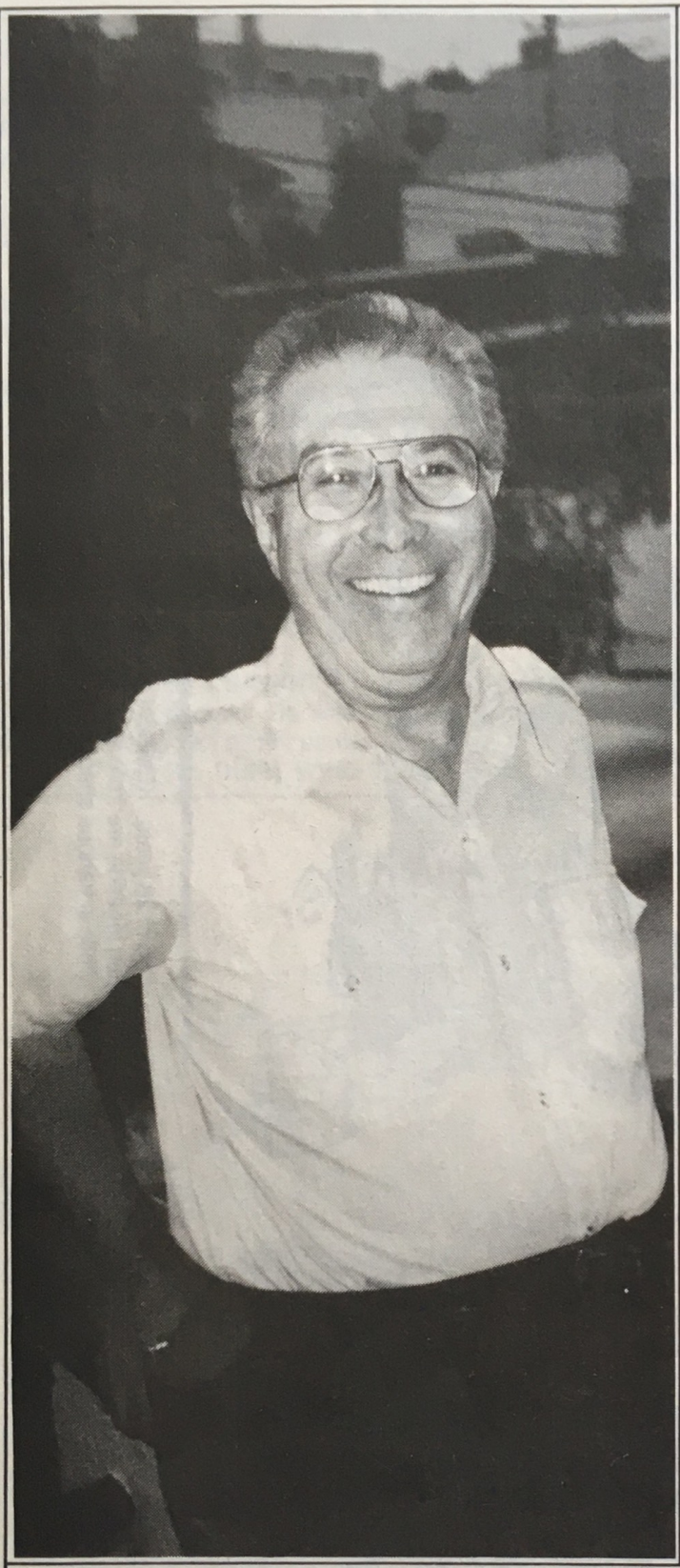


Both prints are 8" X 11" with additional border, black on off-white, signed by the artist. Price per print: $25 plus $3 postage (buy both and the postage is on us). Write for free brochure. Make checks or money orders payable to: MANMADE, P.O. BOX 728, DEPT. C, JENISON, MI 49429

ZEUS AS DIONYSUS/ BACCHUS WITH A VOTIVE FIGURE

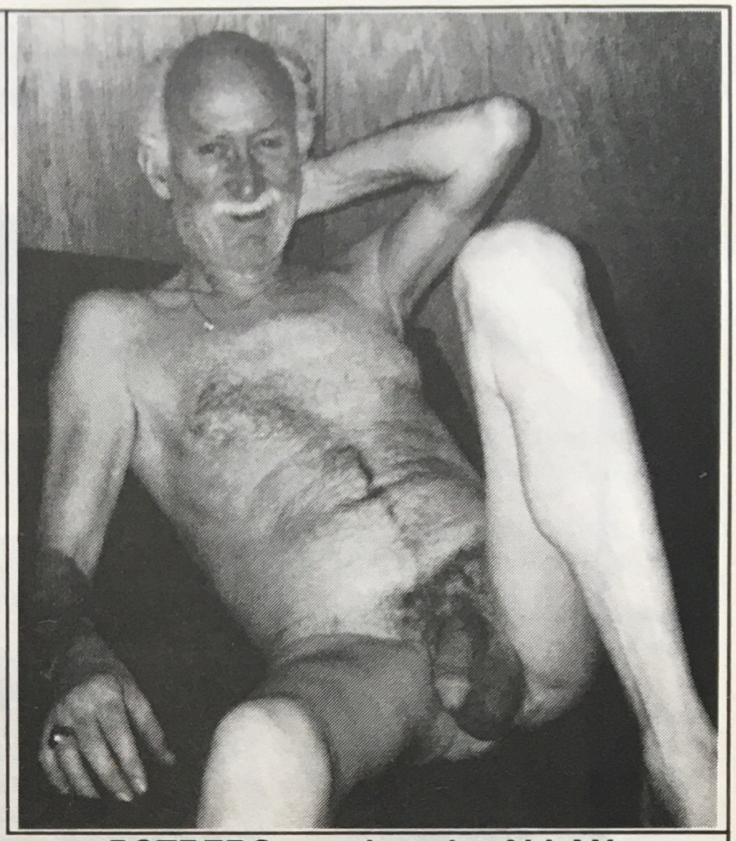
Zeus always yearned to trade places with this fellow god he shares Olympus with among other celstials. But Dionysus was special, being the deity of leisure, libation and lasciviousness. He easily yielded when Zeus requested a temporary takeover. Here we see the complete transformation: Zeus wallowing in luxe and appraising the newest diversion to assuage his divine restlessness.

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has a house/soul mate of 26 years. KEMUSH and Bill avidly collect Southwest Indian art and paint sundry male nudes. KEMUSH insists that these Ovidian legends are from secret Vatican Archives and give the complete picture of Zeus/Jupiter's love bouts with men--not just women--while in various shapes and forms. This is Classic Mythology Revisited.



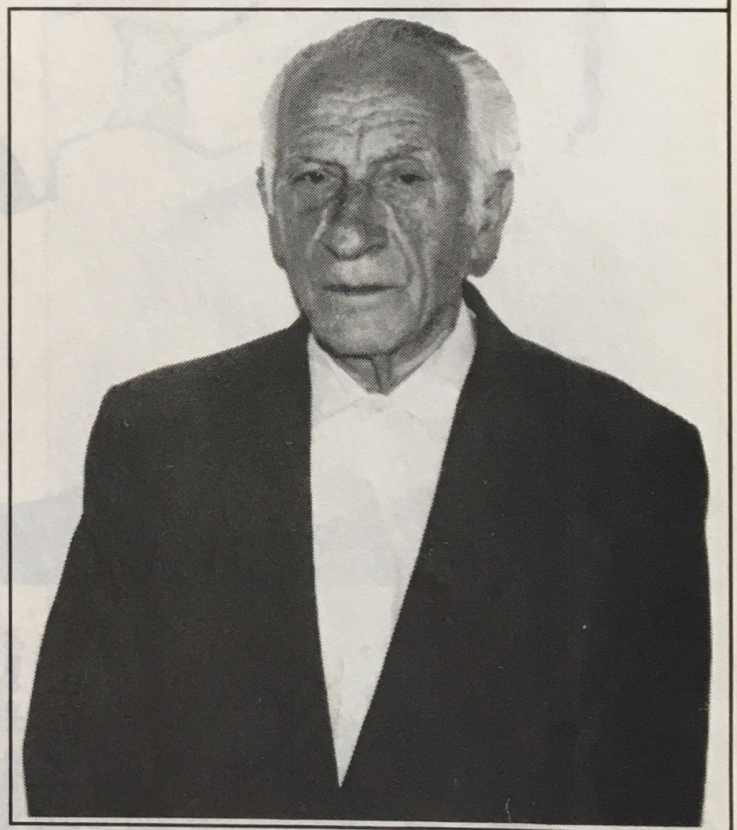
ENIGMA . . . photo by JIM

He's a 61-year-old, 5'-9", 190# native New Yorker now in the North Bay Area of California. ENIGMA is a caring, affectionate man who is deeply introspective, but with a keen sense of humor. He is looking for someone who is capable of giving and receiving love, of nurturing and being nurtured.



POTRERO . . . photo by ALLAN

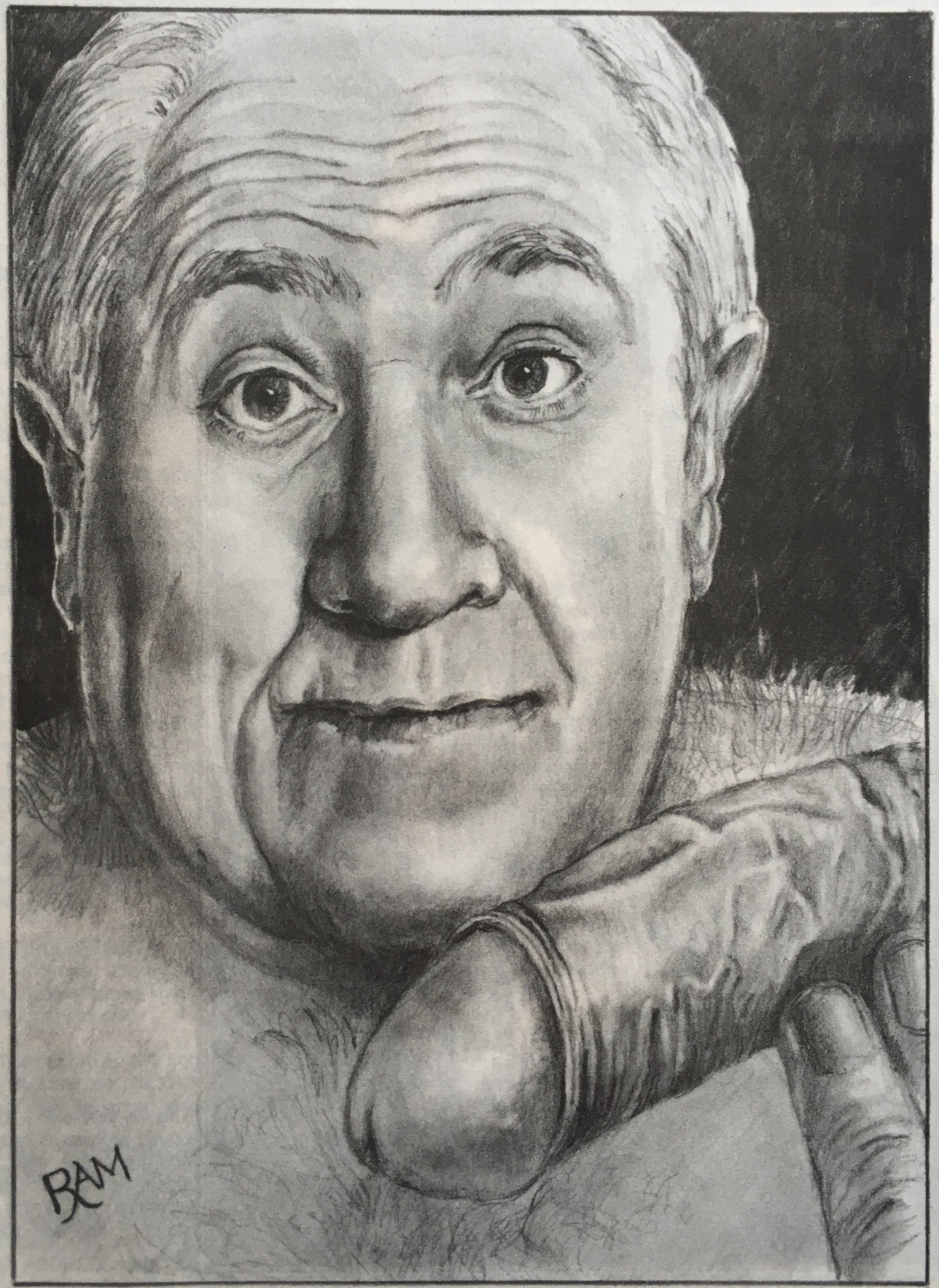
This 65-year-old, trim and active San Franciscan is open to a relationship and welcomes correspondence from anywhere.



NEAPOLITAN . . . photo by F.E.

This healthy, 75-year-old, endowed native Northern Italian seeks heavyset men in and around San Diego. Don't let the lack of a smile fool you. This one's hot & friendly with the right guy.

THE ARTWORK OF RAM



RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed our magazine for awhile. He has few peers, as you can probably surmise. RAM had a title for this one, but the subject's eyes were so mesmerizing that we decided to let the reader make up his own caption. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida.

SOONER

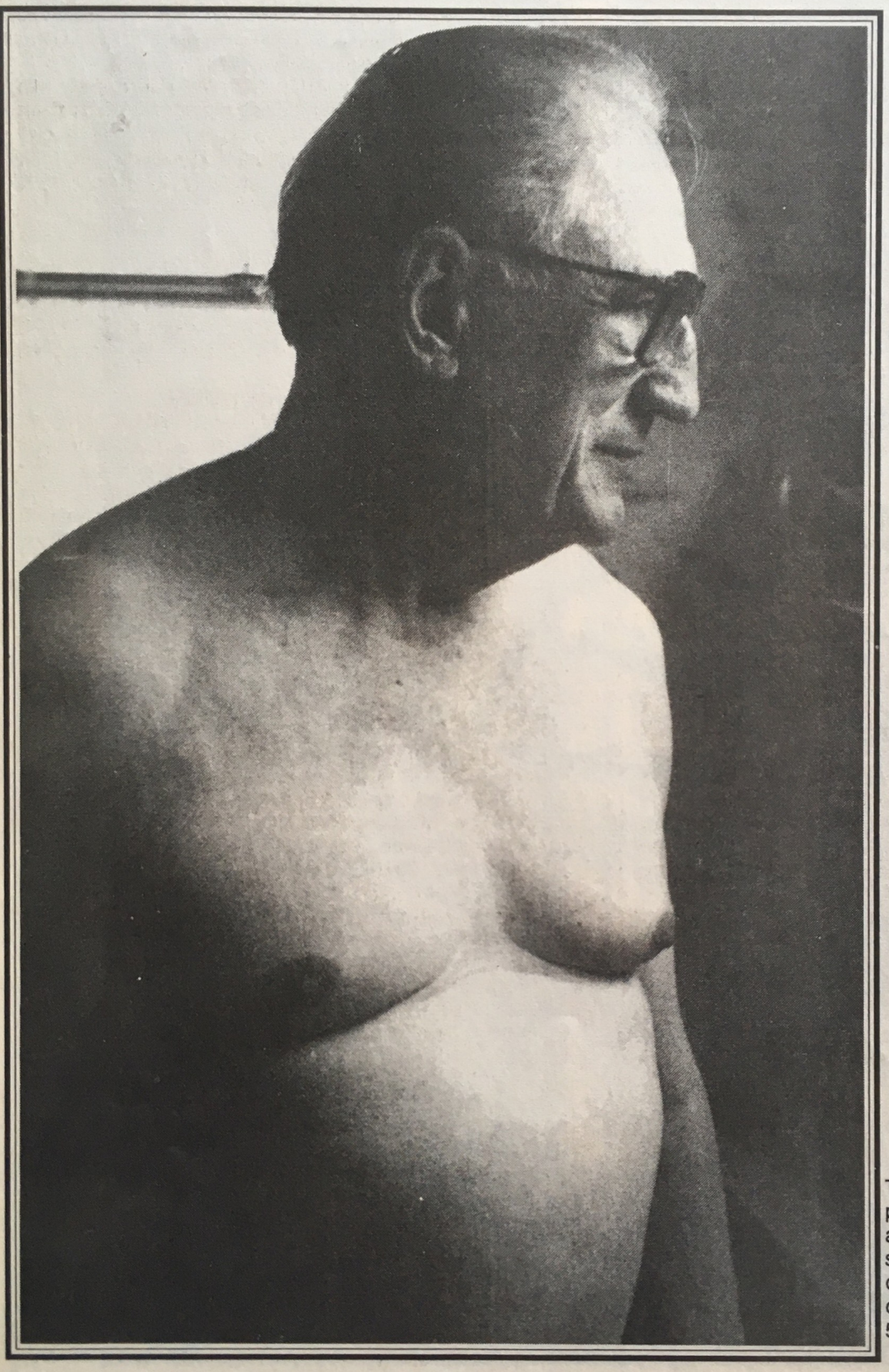


photo by BOB

This 75-year-old, 6 foot, 145 pound widower is easy-going and gregarious. He's professional, very affectionate, dotes on hirsute men, admires a heavy chest . . . and likes older men, 50+.

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL USE OF THE PERSONAL AD SECTION: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature are not allowed in the personal ad section. In addition, readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising, forwarding and subscription privileges to any person found distributing commercial fliers or brochures to our personal advertisers. We urge all advertisers who have received such materials to forward them to us for further action.

2. ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. Failure to do so aids in tarnishing CR's reputation. Consequently, we will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders. If your responder has sent you photos, you must reply or at least return the photos if requested. Failure to do so will result in your being denied advertising, forwarding and subscription privileges.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from the use of our personals ads. Although we monitor all ads and refuse to publish any ad which implies fraud or peril, we cannot know the ulterior motives of our advertisers. Therefore, please be warned that very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in gay magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We therefore urge our readers to use this personal ad section with the utmost caution and common sense. Be skeptical during initial contact and immediately cut off communication at the first mention of money or ANY commercial offer. Discreetly answering a "loaded" ad will not get you in trouble; it's the subsequent communication and your falling for their bull shit which will get you in hot water. Use the CR ads wisely and you can meet hundreds of wonderful people.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors. These ads are intended for adults only.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside an envelope that cannot be read through. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER.

b. IN PENCIL ONLY, write the code lightly in the center of the envelope, so we can erase and write-in the advertisers protected name and address.

PERSONALS

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

d. Respond to outdated ads at your own risk. Your letter will be returned to you if advertiser is no longer a subscriber or has requested no more forwarding.

NOTE: PLEASE CAREFULLY ABIDE BY THE ABOVE INSTRUCTIONS IN ORDER TO AVOID THE RETURN OF YOUR LETTER WITHOUT EXPLANATION. LETTERS WITHOUT FORWARDING POSTAGE WILL BE SHREDDED, UNOPENED. WE WILL NOT FORWARD YOUR LETTER AT OUR EXPENSE.

ARIZONA

(6/92) ARIZONA: Retired, 67, 6 ft., 175#, white, hairy chest, endowed. Would like to correspond and hopefully meet other mature men, 50+. I enjoy travel and good times. Write Casa Grande Kid, 533 W. 13th Place, Casa Grande, AZ 85222.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(2/92) FRESNO AREA/NATIONWIDE: Me: 54, Bear type, white male, attractive, muscular, masculine, 190#, stocky, green-eyed, virile, happy, hairy and horny. I'm a former major college halfback and horse and dog lover. You: If you're a genuine top, then I'm a great bottom. Otherwise, only masculine, over 45, sincere males looking for a good friend or relationship. No tricks, please. Write: **KARL**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NS2/92) SAN FRANCISCO: Looking for a masculine top (50-80) for friendship and fun. Prefer stocky or big belly. I am GWM, 30, 5'-8", 140#. Mature couples welcome, too. Drop a line and describe your wishes. Photo would be great. Send to: S.F.B., 2215-R Market St., Apt. 146, San Francisco, CA 94114.

(4/92) SAN FRANCISCO: Bearded GWM, 49, good looking, masculine, stocky, work-muscular body, 5'-8", 168#, 6" cut, one nut, brown hair (greying, balding). I am honest and like same. Most sex okay, but I am mainly French passive. Like long sessions. See my photo in 10/90 CR. Bald, bear, beard a plus. Call Rich at (415) 771-6018, Monday-Thursday.

(2/92) BAY AREA/WILL RELOCATE: No-limits masochist will submit to any fetish/fantasy, including eyebrow/testicle removal in full-time confinement. Sadist must be truthful, 100% top and HIV-negative. Anything else is acceptable, but medical knowledge preferred. WM, 58, 6', 180#, impotent, toothless, tattooed, retired, totally passive and exclusively bottom. Please telephone slave at (510) 443-3083.

(2/92) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: W/M, 60, 5'-11", 155#, good body, would like to rent or share country place anywhere in No. California with man, any age or weight. I prefer country living with fireplace or wood stove. Don K. (415) 255-0970.

(2/92) MASCULINE MEN: Secure, educated, healthy, trim, passive Greek, active French, GWM, 63, 5'-11", 180#. Seeking a life-mate and friends for a lifetime of caring and satisfaction. Partial to masculine, muscular, well-built, blue collar or professional men who are in need of satisfaction, appreciation and caring. Let's make a satisfying and caring relationship together. Previously married/married men acceptable. Photo/letter/phone appreciated. Write: **GLENN**

(4/92) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: Clean, white professional, 57, tall, uncut, brown hair, green eyes, seeks

friends, HIV negative. Prefer French active but I can be French active, too. Write: **VIRGO**

(4/92) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 165#, would like to meet other secure, affectionate, honest men, 55+, no smoke/drugs, prefer tall, SLENDER. I enjoy beaches, camping, boating, hiking, nudity and gardening. Am HIV-, French active/passive, Greek versatile. Photo exchange. J.K., P.O. Box 1356, Windsor, CA 95492.

(2/92) BAY AREA: Masculine son, Hispanic, 27, mature, balding, bearded, 5'-10", 195#, blue collar job. Looking for older, rugged Dad type. Interest in restoring antique trucks/autos/bikes would be great. Write: **KICKSTAND**

(2/92) WHITE BEAR SEEKS CUB: Gentle, masculine, affectionate GWM (horny), big heart and easy smile. Intelligent, wise, urbane, affable, talented, artistic, educated, not to mention dignified and modest (!). Stats: 66, 6 ft., 240#, Blue/White, beard, 7.5 uncut. Want younger, 18-35. Write: Bernard, P.O. Box 7158, Vallejo, CA 94590.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/92) SO CAL/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi WM, grey hair, 56, 5'-11", 235#, to meet with others. Cock: 8" X 61/2" around, loves to be sucked. Tits love to be sucked. Enjoy my hot ass being massaged, hand up it, soft toys in it, but no pain. Enjoy hand body massage. I'm sensuous, very clean, laid back, horny, educated, like videos, uninhibited, long lasting. Write: **MACK**

(4/92) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: 80% top, 59, 6', 210#, brown/blue, moustache, wants mature men, 40+, grey or bald. Safe HIV negative, please. Hairy, short, red headed all pluses. Must live nearby. Write: D.E., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. Photo/phone appreciated.

(2/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/HIGH DESERT: WM, 55, 6'-1", 235#, rugged, masculine, moustache, single, non-smoker, nudist. Seeks younger than myself, any race, well-proportioned body, stable. Fair blonds a plus. No drug users or heavy drinkers. Write: **BAREKAT**

(2/92) SAN DIEGO: 60s, 6'-0", 175#, blue eyes, blond hair (what there is), self-employed. HIV negative, affectionate,cuddler, hate to sleep alone. Seek dark, very hairy (not mandatory), loving, caring man to share life on a monagamous basis. Media refers to me as Father Theresa for my commitment to mywork. Write: R.B., P.O. Box 2323, San Diego, CA 92112, or call(619) 931-7688.

(2/92) PASADENA: Quicklie expert B.J. needed by horny, tall, trim, healthy SWM, age 48 with great dick. Pasadena area. Write: **MR. BLUE**

(2/92) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: WM, 58, 5'-9", 145#, hairy, blue eyes, well-built, sandy-grey hair, blue eyes, sense of humor. Seeks younger, mature, slender/well-built, sensuous guy for friendship and more. Photo appreciated. Write: **MARC**

(2/92) GLENDALE/NATIONWIDE: WM, 51, 6'-2", 185#. Have large, 9-1/2", circumcized cock for ardent Frencher. Must be over 60, heavyset. Dentures a large plus. Call me daytime: (818) 240-3194 - Big "D"

(4/92) SO. CALIF/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 5'-7", masculine, hung thick and cut, Greek active, French passive, seeks submissive seniors, 50+, who will take orders for mutual satisfaction. Grey hair, horny, talented, dentured a plus. Looking for an affair. Photo and phone appreciated. Write: Lee Roberts, P.O. Box 5342, Huntington Beach, CA 92646.

(NS4/92) MASCULINE, MATURE TOP DESIRED, 50 YRS PLUS: by a sexually submissive W/M, 38 y/o, 5'-10", 160#, with dark hair and eyes, hairy body, healthy and hung. You are a sexually dominant W/M, 50 years plus, over 5'-11", 185# and hung. I love to be held in the arms of a passionate and lustful masculine man who will seduce me, so I may serve, service, and orally worship him. I have great hips and hot mouth for deep kissing and sucking, with great tits, cock and ass for you. I want a strong man to call the shots! Passionately waiting, Scott, 6201 Sunset #206, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

(NS2/92) MATURE SMOOTH COUNTRY CUB: 28, 6 ft., 156#, well-endowed, hard working , with great personality. Seeks monogamous relationship with masculine, burly, husky, hairy, bearded, tight bear bellied, Daddy Grizzly Bear, 38-60. Hobbies: hibernating, hunting, country music, Jazz, 2-stepping. Photo/phone and letter gets mine. Write: Robert Gronau, 301 Aviation Place, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

(4/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 37, 6'-2", 195#, moustache, good-looking, fit, HIV negative, French active/passive, Greek passive, seeks Daddy/top who is masculine, athletic, 40-70, for sensuous, slow meetings, plus good food, movies, conversation. Write: **SANDY II**

(6/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 53, 235#, 5'-11", tattooed, uncut, well hung. Interested in meeting/corresponding with other big men. Prefer guys who are gray or bald, uncut, over 40 years old. Write: **TATTOO**

(6/92) MATURE MAN SOUGHT: By 26-year-old, mature, "boy next door" type. I am 5'-11", 175# (muscular with swimmer's build), clean-shaven, clean-cut, intelligent, humorous, honest, nice, somewhat successful and emotionally/financially secure. I am seeking a masculine man, 50+, for friend. You should be husky, clean-cut, clean-shaven, honest, mature and emotionally secure. If you resemble this description I would love to hear from you. Please write with photo to: POOL BOY, P.O. Box 4351-450, Hollywood, CA 90078. I will respond to ads nationwide.

(2/92) LIVE-LAUGH-LOVE-SHARE: Wheelchaired GWM, 44, desires/needs to share his furnished 2-bedroom condo with mature companion aide, housekeeper, etc. Relationship possible. Love opera, classical music, quiet home. No smoking, over-drinking. I'm HIV negative, you be too. Write: Tom, 1525 Appleton Street, #302, Long Beach, CA 90802, or call (310) 436-2880.

(NS2/92) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: Masculine, goodlooking WM, 40, 5'-10", slim, kind, caring and loving, would like to meet masculine, cigar-smoking, martini-drinking, full-bellied gentleman, 55 to 75, to share good times. Write: Tom P., P.O. Box 491151, Los Angeles, CA 90049.

CONNECTICUT

(8/92) NEW ENGLAND/NEW YORK: GWM, 50, 6 ft., 225#, wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. Me: French active, love water sports, scat and other good sex! For a good time, write: **WET**

(4/92) THREE'S COMPANY: Two men, 50s and 70s, successful, healthy, fun and sex-loving, interested in theatre, art, good music, good food, good conversation, seek a special guy to share our lives. Our Connecticut home is large, with gardens, lawns, indoor pool, comfort and beauty. We seek someone who is not afraid to work as hard as we do to maintain it and hopefully someone who understands how to use outdoor machinery and equipment. Neither age nor ethnicity is a factor, although we prefer a mature, educated man with integrity, good health, good humor, good manners and the ability to fit into all social situations. Naturally it would be ideal if we three turned out to be sexually compatible, but even that is not the ultimate criterion. We know we are asking for someone special and are prepared to wait to find

him. Your descriptive letter and photo will be promptly answered. You should be independent and financially secure, as we are. Write; J.R.L., P.O. Box 25, Georgetown, CT 06829.

(6/92) MASCULINE, FURRY, STOCKY? GWM, 48, 6'-2", 180#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Write: Ian, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or call (203) 794-0868.

FLORIDA

(2/92) FLORIDA/WORDWIDE: GWM, 61, 6', 165#, grey hair, hazel eyes, seeks friendship first and penpals. Varied interests. All answered. Race, age and endowment unimportant. Honesty and sincerity is. Bill Seely, P.O. Box 23365, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307.

(2/92) BOCA RATON: If you are 55 years old or older and if you are 50" in the waist with white hair and looking for a 36-year-old white male, 185#, dark (slightly greying) hair, 5'-8", with interest in monogamous living, home cooking, classical music and amateur painting in oil, and who is gainfully employed but willing to relocate (if friendship and love occur) . . . then, please write to me at: K.A.S., P.O. Box 2793, Boca Raton, FL 33427-2793. Please, include your photo. All letters with photo will be answered. Please, be serious. I'm very lonely and looking for you.

(2/92) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Asian, 40, 5'-7", 140#, educated, smooth body, silky heart with ancient civilized culture spirits. Like to meet 40+, hairy, educated, compassioned, healthy, "classic" gentleman, any race (or same background Asian) for a truthful, long-term friendship. Sincerity only. Clothed photo please. Write: Lee, P.O. Box 260753, Tampa, FL 33685-0753.

GEORGIA

(8/92) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 61, 5'-6 1/2", 235#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

ILLINOIS

(12/92) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250 pounds plus and well-endowed. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

(6/92) MANRIDER: Greying daddy top GWM, 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 63 years, wants an any-age, strong, heavyset playmate bottom lover to horseplay, mutually work out, swim, ride bikes, watch my SWAN and other videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Chicago G & M member. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

KENTUCKY

(2/92) KENTUCKY REDNECK: WM, 49, 185#, greying hair, 5'-10", likes biking, hiking, railroads, and transit systems. Does not smoke or drink, but loves to eat. Seeks hairy friend with similar likes. Lionel, P.O. Box 15401, Covington, KY 41015.

MARYLAND

(NS6/92) IT COULD BE YOU: Would you like to meet the right person for the right thing? Johnny 7, P.O. Box 56, Temple Hills, MD 20757-0056.

MASSACHUSETTS

(2/92) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 42, 5'-11", 175#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Pen pals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(2/92) BOSTON AREA: Mature 31, Asian, witty, caring, intelligent, established career, diverse life experiences and interests, looking to form friendship, stable relationship with healthy, non-promiscuous, masculine GWM, 50+, in Boston area. Must have joie de vivre, established career, interest in arts, and be broad minded, sensitive, romantic. Sense of humor a must. No drugs, porn films, gay bars. Desire to explore mutual interests. Send detailed letter. Photo prefered. All responses answered promptly. Write: **PETER**

MINNESOTA

(2/92) TWIN CITIES BASED WORLD TRAVELER: Healthy, active, fit, smart, sensitive, masculine 45-year-old (average height, weight, endowment, etc.) in search of my life's companion. He's older than I am, and his interests include lasting friendship, the arts, sailing, world travel, food, music and the realm of the senses. He's wise, kind, curious and comforting. He has a sense of humor, a sense of proportion, a sense of honor, and a little common sense thrown in for good measure. Write: **MANTICORE**

MISSOURI

(8/92) MIDWEST MUSICIAN PLUS: GBM seeks gentle, loving WM for sincere close relationship. Affectionate, considerate, safe. Fatherly types, uncut, a plus. Your discretion respected. Classically trained musician, artist, massage therapist. Some travel possible. Photo, phone supplied after initial contact. Write: **PICCOLO**

NEW JERSEY

(10/92) MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: Affectionate, Bi WM, 63, 5'-11", 165#, athletic, dignified, balding, caring, intelligent, loyal. Many interests include cultural,scientific, spiritual, intellectual, sexual. HIV negative, GreekP. Seek good friend turned on by controlling mental and physical erotic responses. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(6/92) NEW JERSEY/NYC: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 220#, professional musician with good sense of humor, seeking friendship/relationship with younger, endowed, hirsute guy who enjoys cuddling and good conversation. Letter/photo/phone appreciated. Write: **ART**

NEW MEXICO

(4/92) STILL LONELY IN THE SOUTHWEST: Seek friends, phone or mail, male sex with 50+ men who are gentle, friendly and loving. I am 64, 5'-7", 135#. Phone gets instant reply. Write: **EL PAISANO**

NEW YORK

(2/92) NEW YORK: GWM, 45, 5'-9", 150#, attractive, masculine, intelligent, healthy, seeking grey and hairy over 50 for hot times and more. Photo gets mine. Write: **WESTMAN**

(4/92) OVER 55? masculine white male, 41, tall, trim, hairy, hung, loyal, discreet, romantic, nonsmoker, seeks dignified, unattached, non-promiscuous gent, 55-75, for passionate, very sexual one-to-one relationship. Into most safe scenes. Any area. Only detailed letters with photo answered. Write: **MANHATTAN JACK**

NORTH CAROLINA

(12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8", 200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704) 873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC 28677.

OHIO

(6/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM Daddy, 43, 5'-4", 190, seeks young friends, penpals, son types interested in a non-relationship Daddy in their life. Have many interests. Am very

sincere, passionate, romantic, caring and loving. Send detailed letter plus photo, if possible to: H.P.S., P.O. box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

OREGON

(6/92) OREGON: TRAVELING THRU? WRITE AHEAD; GOOD TIMES ASSURED: 53, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, nonsmoker, stocky frame, hairy chested, clean-shaven, professional and clean, seeks sensual, virile man who prefers my type. Have indoor hot tub. Enclose photo to Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207 or call (503) 223-1679.

(2/92) OREGON: GWM, 70, 5'-7", 160#, 6" cut, HIV negative, educated, sense of humor. The arts, country living among interests. Active/passive French. Wants close, intimate, affectionate, honest relationship. Write: **WALNUTS**

PENNSYLVANIA

(ES2/91) U.S.A.--TEACH ME TO SERVE YOU: Gentle, intelligent, discreet crossdresser, 47, 5'-10", Italian descent, slim, 6-1/2" uncut, seeks dominant master to age 85. Write: Carl, P.O. Box 5, St. Clair, PA 17970.

(2/92) PENNSYLVANIA: At age 33, this romantic is looking for anyone who is into fun and just being close. Varied interests. Write to: Tom Sword, P.O. Box 253, Corry, PA 16407-0253.

(4/92) ANY HUGS AND KISSES TO SPARE? Vigorous, warm fellow in his sixties, looking for daytime hot foreplay and mutual French. I'm 5'-9", 170#. Your photo gets mine. Penpals welcome. Write R.F., P.O. Box 1262, West Chester, PA 19380.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(2/92) SOUTH CAROLINA: Seeking men over 55 who love being loved, kissed and their bodies massaged all over. Hairy -chested and white hair a plus, but not necessary. Also enjoy honest and sincere friendship, as well as gentle sex. I am 44 years old, 185# and 5'-11". I don't do drugs, I don't smoke and am sincere about senior men. Write: **SENIOR PLEASER**

(4/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 5'-9", 135#, seeks home and relationship, a quiet, simple life and clear communication. More affection than ejaculation. No cigs or drugs. Write: Stan, P.O. Box 3735, Columbia, SC 29230.

TEXAS

(8/92) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 45, stocky, nice looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up—no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O.Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(2/92) 30 TO 40-YEAR-OLD MASCULINE MEN: Texas city slicker who's GWM, 51, 5'-11", 185#, healthy, nice-looking, financially independent, suntanned, athletic, hairy chest, loves sun, water, music, travel and conversation. Seeks relationship with stable, single, good-looking, romantic man with sense of humor. Should be nonsmoker and non-drug user. Your photo gets mine. Write: TEX, 5757 Westheimer, Suite 3-186, Houston, TX 77052-5721

(12/92) SEEK YOUNG MALE: I seek friendship now, maybe more later. I'm very healthy, no diseases, clean, professional, attractive (I'm told), virile as though I were 18. Write. Send photo if possible. Jim, Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

(6/92) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: Oriental, 35, 5'-8", 155#, seeks 55-69 senior gentlemen for correspondence/friendship/photos exchange, later visits and more fun. Prefer retired (or not) liberal professors, businessmen or other older gentlemen. Slender or well-proportioned a plus. Me: Young-looking, well-proportioned, kind, warm, black hair, smooth body, snior admirer. Will travel east, west, Florida during next summer, or Europe later. Photo appreciated. Write: **YOUNG-LOOKING**

VIRGINIA

(4/92) LOOKING FOR MEN THAT ARE MASCULINE: GWM, 32 years old, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache. Looking for men over 35 years old and looking for friends and possible relationship. I enjoy showing saddlebred horses and going to NASCAR races. Send photo and phone to K.F., P.O. Box 1582, Abingdon, VA 24210.

WASHINGTON

(2/92) SPOKANE AREA BLACK TEDDY BEAR: 60, 200#, 6', seeks white teddy bears, 40+, for friendship, etc. My interests include traveling, classical music, opera, theatre, museums, reading, cuddling, safe sex. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004.

INTERNATIONAL

(2/92) VANCOUVER: GWM in low 50s, just retired, 5'-6", 69er, denture wearer, 195#, 8" uncut, love long sessions, kissing and love even more to give my hot deep throat hard work for mutual satisfaction. I consider myself quite a unique kind of special guy, being married twice with no children. I own my home, am a jack-of-all-trades, and love home life. I don't drink, smoke or do drugs, nor do I enjoy the gay bar scene, preferring to live a very closeted life. I love traveling to far-away places, going for long drives, taking long walks or biking on the beach, and cooking at home. But doing all that is not very much fun if you're alone. I'm of European background and have lived in Canada for 40 years. I'm looking for a gentle GWM with a straight appearance who is a lot like me. Prefer someone with a sense of humor and the ability to converse about many subjects. Must be financially secure, young at heart, honest, caring, affectionate, adaptable and hopefully seeking a relationship or partnership. You must love sex, be horny, have 7" or more, be between 35 and 60, not over 195#, healthy and HIV negative. If you are looking for a good friend, partner or lover, this is the time. Don't hesitate to contact me with a letter, complete with a description of yourself and a full length photo, if possible. All answered. Write to: Vern Zugesik, P.O. Box 497, Station "A", Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6C 2N3

LATE ARRIVING ADS

(NS2/92) MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST BEAR: 65, 6'-2", 225#, salt and pepper hair, moustache and beard, musician. Looking for slender bear lover who likes long walks on the beach, evening sunsets, the theatre. Prefer nonsmoker/drinker. Write: **MAESTRO**

(2/92) RETIREE NEAR NEW ORLEANS: Early 60s, not bad looking, strictly top, blue eyes, brown hair, crewcutted, uncut, seeks heavy partner, goodlooking, with large breasts, good mind. Photo and phone. Write: **TOPPER**

(2/92) FOR RENT: LARGE BEDROOM, private entrance, 1-1/4 block from beach in quaint, historic town, one hour from New Orleans and Mardi Gras. Reasonably priced. Subscribers only. Mr. Tom, P.O. Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521.

(4/92) COCKEYSVILLE, MD: GWM, 37, Bl/Bl, 210 #, losing fast, professional. I always looked and felt older than I am, and I always loved active men, ages 40-70+. I am looking for a man who lives in DC/Central MD/Central PA area. I want a man for friendship, companionship, fraternity. I love to date. My interests include movies, dogs (show/sport), horses, pets, computers, the outdoors, SCUBA diving, boating. Also, I am looking for someone who could teach me how to snow ski this season. My point: I want us to be good friends first, then we will consider a relationship and/or SS. Write Mike T., P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030.

(2/92) MINNESOTA: Very lonely, shy, GWM, 65, 5'-10", 230#, thinning grey/blue, HIV negative, clean-shaven, retired professional, do not smoke or take drugs, moderate drinker, fun-loving, came out late in life after a bad marriage, former lover of 15 years died a few years ago, romantic, love touching and cuddling, honest and very frank, truthful. Interests include music, reading, movies, theater, traveling, spectator sports, sex. Photo preferred--all answered. Body hair preferred as I have little. Mature age and sincere to see what might develop. C. Craig, 891 St. Clair Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105.

(2/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 6'-5", 215#, HIV negative. Independent, emotionally secure, hairy, proportionately built, young Gary Cooper type with great sense of humor, seeking mature gentlemen for friendship, fun and more. Possible relationship. Stocky, balding and hairy a plus, but am versatile. I enjoy reading, theatre, movies, new adventures and honesty. Can travel some. Write: **B.M.H.**

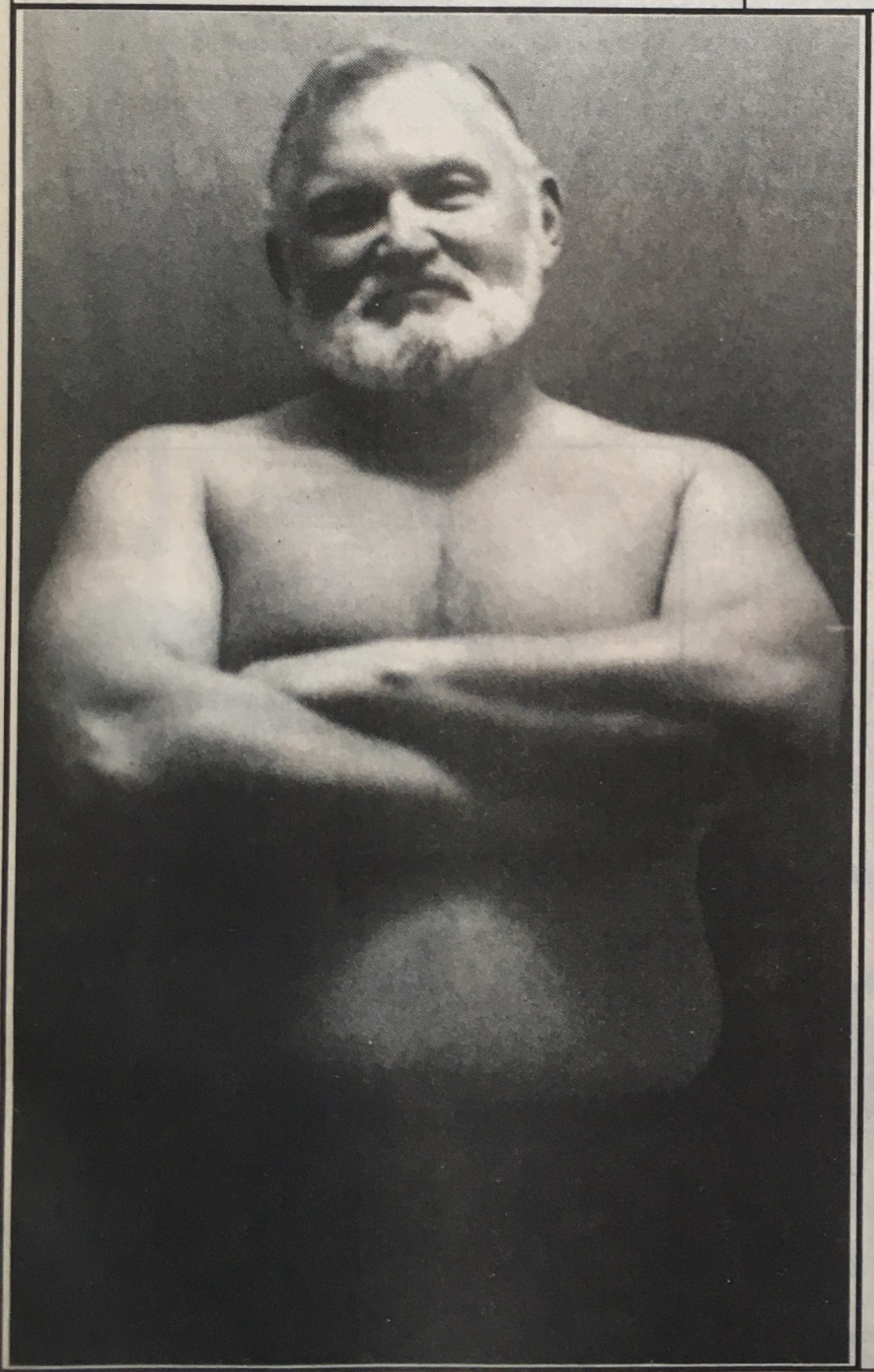
(6/92) OLDER BIG-BELLIED MEN: wanted by stable, good-looking 31-year-old W/M, if you are 40-60 years, masculine, heavy-set RAM or BUCKO type who enjoys dominating a younger bottom. Cigar smokers a big turn-on. Penpals and travelers welcome. Write: J.S., P.O. Box 45285, Kansas City, MO 64111.

WANT TO WRITE A CHIRON RISING MODEL?

It's easy. All you have to do is follow the instructions on page 41 for writing personal advertisers with codewords. Our models are great guys and most are looking forward to receiving and answering fan mail. Many are looking for friends and relationships. Get a hint of what they're looking for in their profiles.

PRIME TIMERS

An International Organization for Older Gay Men
For More Information, Contact:
P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652



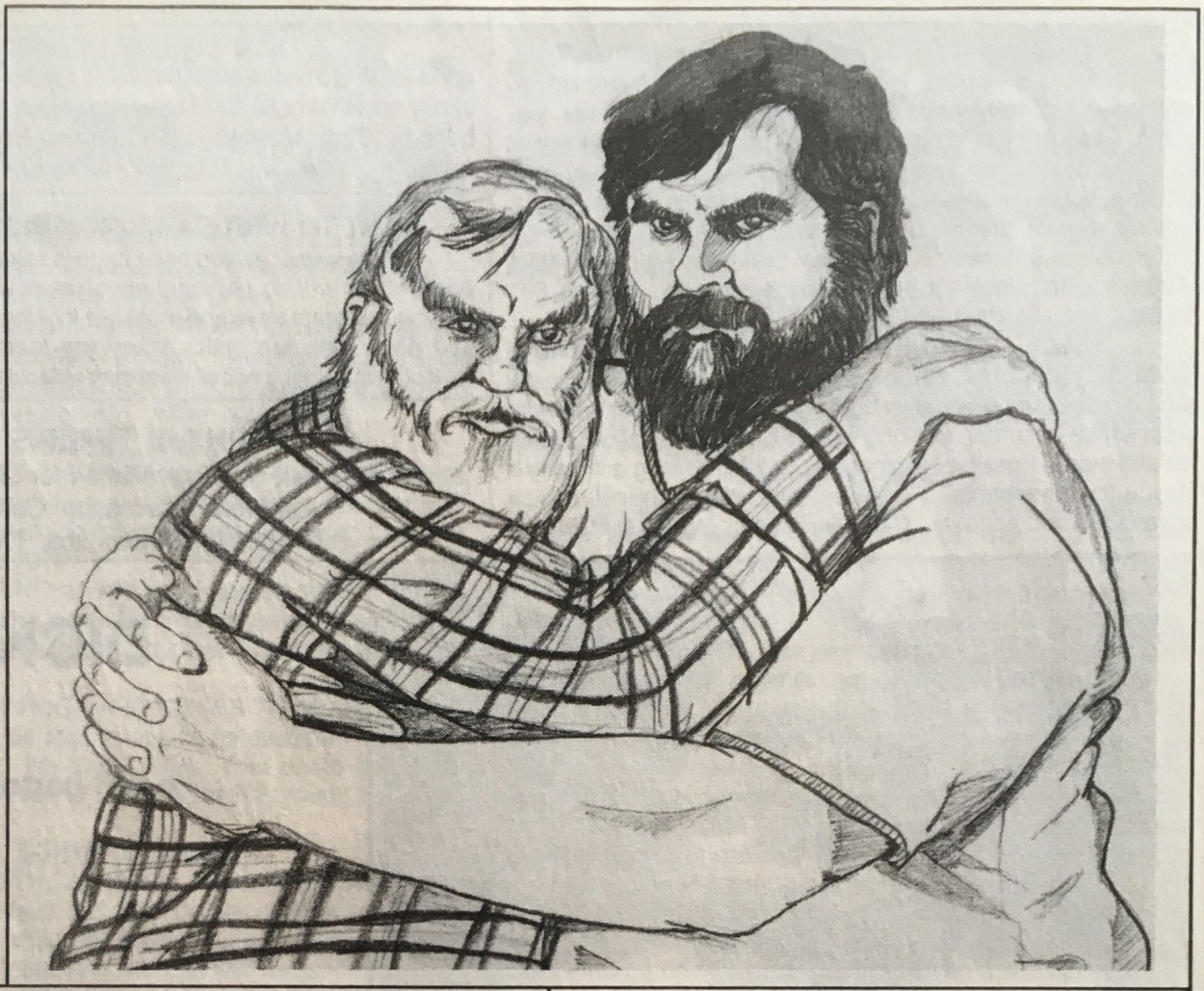
DICK

a self portrait

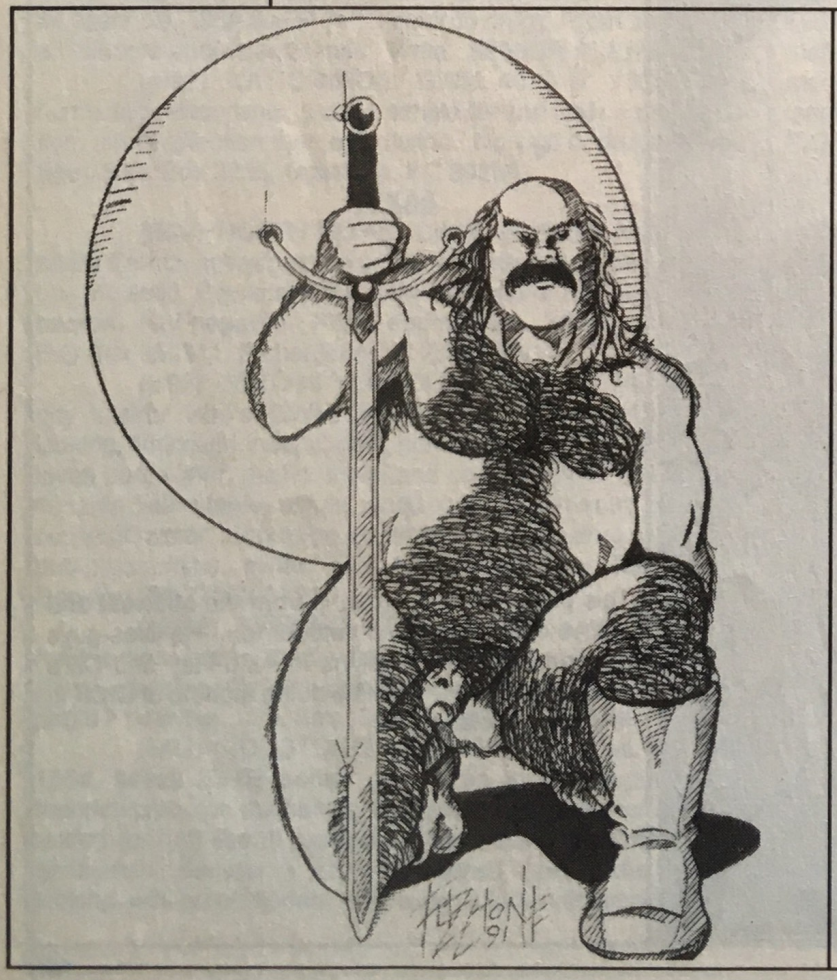
This powerfully built man is from the Midwest and enjoys both indoor and outdoor fun. He likes guys ranging from Bob Hoskins to Aldo Ray and CR's RUSSIAN BEAR. We'll be doing a photo of DICK in full, glossy color soon.

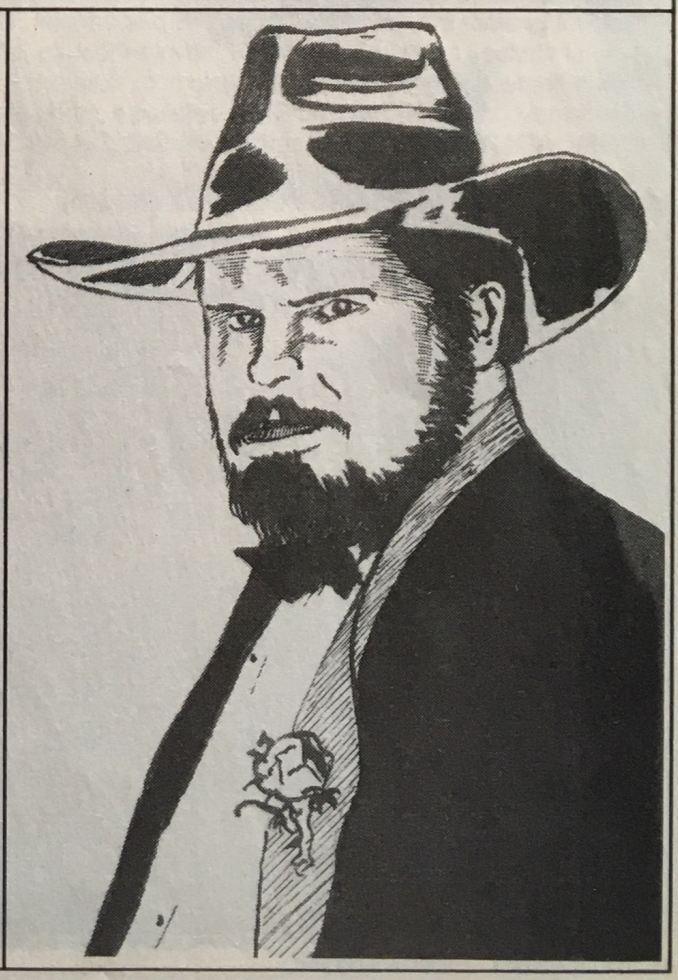
INTRODUCING

FUZZTONE



See page 35 for FUZZTONE's profile.





THE MEN OF SAMSON AND HOMAN MAGAZINES

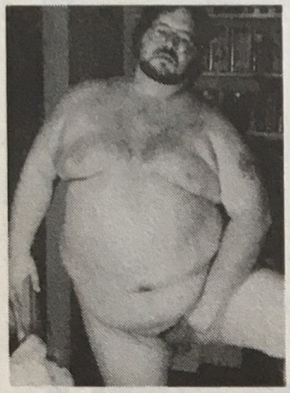
NEW FROM P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

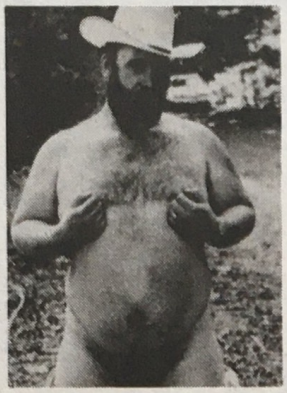
CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VI

COPS, BIKERS, BEARS & Other Beautiful Creatures!

ONLY $69.95 + $4.00 S&H

2 FULL HOURS! FINALLY BIG BEARS TOGETHER!





FOUR HOT SEGMENTS IN ONE MOVIE!

"COP LUV" • "THE EASY, EASY RIDER"
"SAMSON & GOLIATH" • "BEARS IN THE WOODS"

P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

14421 Sherman Way #86, Van Nuys, CA 91405 • (818) 762-6111

YES! PLEASE SEND ME **CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VI** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ SUPER VHS ($79.95) ☐ VHS PAL ($79.95) Format
I am enclosing $69.95 + $4.00 S&H (Overseas $10.05). CA Res. add 8.25% tax ($5.77)
TO:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY_____
SIGNATURE (Must be 21) _____

NEW FROM P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

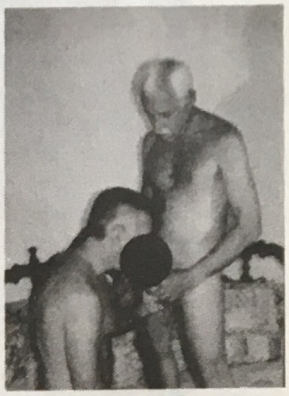
DADDY VIDEO VOL. II

DADDY FOR DESSERT!

ONLY $69.95 + $4.00 S & H

2 FULL HOURS!

HOT OLDER MEN 50++!!



FOUR HOT SEGMENTS IN ONE MOVIE!

"THE PLUMBER" • "GENERALS & MAJORS"
"DAD'S ORNERY SLAVE" • "DADDY FOR DESSERT"

P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

14421 Sherman Way #86, Van Nuys, CA 91405 • (818) 762-6111

YES! PLEASE SEND ME **DADDY VIDEO VOL. II** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ SUPER VHS ($79.95) ☐ VHS PAL ($79.95) Format
I am enclosing $69.95 + $4.00 S&H (Overseas $10.05). CA Res. add 8.25% tax ($5.77)
TO:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY_____
SIGNATURE (Must be 21) _____

GIRTH & MIRTH - BELGIUM IS AN EUROPEAN CLUB WHOSE WISHES IS TO GET TOGETHER BIG MEN AND ADMIRERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

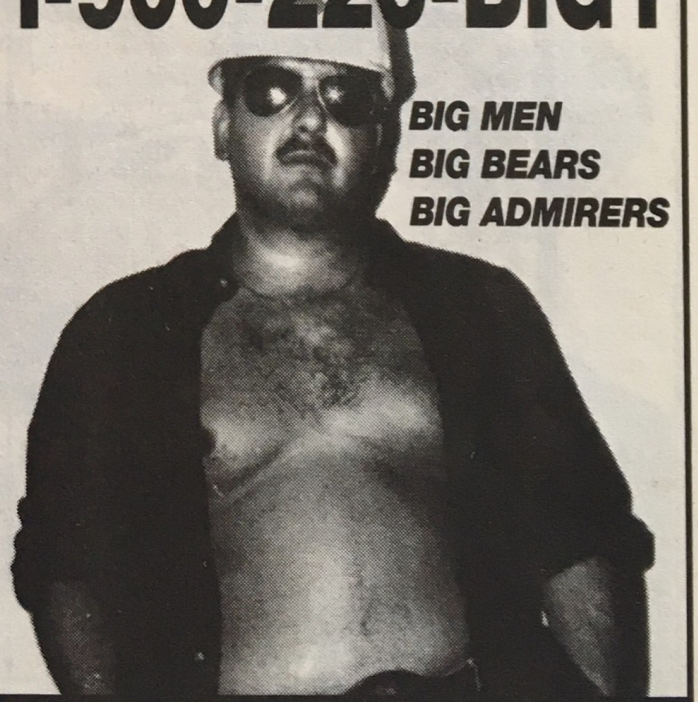
We publish a **fully printed** magazine of 30 pages and more, minimum 35 pictures per issue, with info, artworks, international ads, etc... about bears and big men.

Our **free hospitality service** works all over Europe.

For free information, write, fax or call us. Please send 4 IRC's (International Reply Coupon to be bought at the post office) for info, or 10 IRC or $10 for a sample magazine.

GIRTH & MIRTH-BELGIUM
P.O. BOX 1514, B-6000 CHARLEROI-1
BELGIUM - EUROPE
FAX: 32-71-51.84.01 / HOT-LINE 24H/24: 32-71-56.05.80

1-900-226-BIG1



BIG MEN
BIG BEARS
BIG ADMIRERS

STARTING FEB, 92 – 24 HOURS A DAY

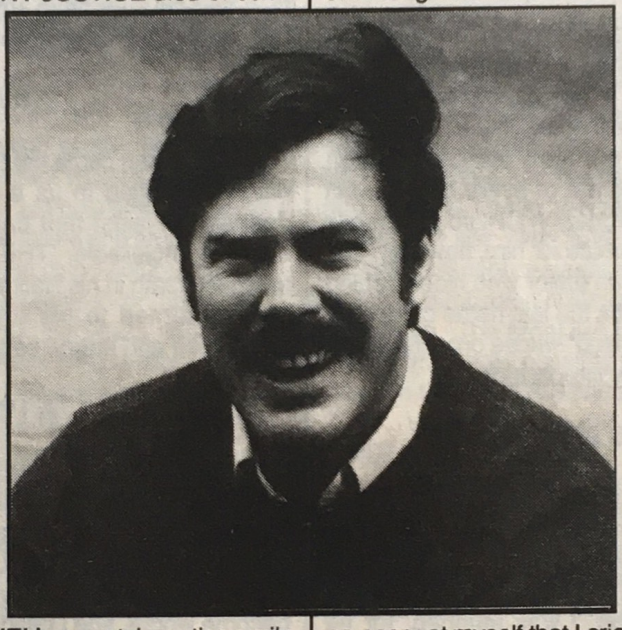
1-900-226-2441

.95 CENTS PER MINUTE
BILLED TO YOUR TELEPHONE
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF KENT JUSTICE

When we dedicated the ZONES Special Issue to KENT and THE COLONEL, we knew that KENT was seriously ill, but we didn't know just how serious. We were going to dedicate *this* issue to them, but for some strange reason, I felt compelled to move it up. I even pulled a copy from the ZONES press run and quickly sent it to their home in Mississippi. The copy arrived just about the time KENT was rushed to the hospital for the last time. THE COLONEL told me that KENT nodded when he was read the words of the dedication.

On November 25, 1991, KENT JUSTICE died of complications from AIDS. It marked the end of a courageous, year-long battle fought by one of the most endearing and talented men we've ever met. KENT is survived by his life-mate, THE COLONEL, who is left with a gaping hole in his soul. Like RAM, ROY, J.D. BEHR, HORNED TOAD, PAPA BEAR, RAYMONDO and so very, very many of our contributors and subscribers had to do before him, THE COLONEL is now faced with the ultimate crisis: that of weathering a numbing, seemingly endless period of grief.



KENT and THE COLONEL were there when this magazine was a toddler. They were always there for us. KENT provided a boundless supply of artwork, poetry, fiction and photographs. Images of THE COLONEL's sweet, haunting smile and burly, hairy body were always available for display in SWAN/CHIRON RISING. Few issues were published that didn't prominently display their names in the credits. That's how giving they were. That's how important they were to this magazine.

But it soon became evident to us that videography was KENT's forte. Although he possessed the talent that would have enabled him to make a fortune producing erotic videos, he shied away from that scenario. He just didn't want to do it for monetary gain and consequently gave away stunningly beautiful masterpieces to friends like us. Even his very first attempts were masterpieces in their own right. We cherish a video he and THE COLONEL gave us in 1988. It was a narrated tour of KENT's and THE COLONEL's mobile homes in Biloxi and included some footage of the bottom half of a neighbor who had no idea that he was being videotaped. KENT had spotted the burly man washing his car in shorts, so he pretended to take a stroll with his video camera hanging by its strap from his shoulder. The footage had us rolling on the floor with laughter as KENT struggled to point the camera at the man's impressive basket while carrying on a casual conversation. I'll be damned if he didn't pull it off, though, and the laughing was soon replaced by gulps. KENT even recorded the last three Mardi Gras celebrations on video and gave away a multitude of copies to just about anyone who wanted one. He was like that. Always giving.

KENT wouldn't want us to come across as maudlin in this little tribute, so we won't. The memories we carry of him will all be upbeat and filled with fun and laughter. We'll always see his dancing eyes, handsome face, well-groomed moustache . . . and, my God, that wonderful smile.

For the benefit of those of you who didn't buy the special issue, we'd like to repeat our closing. It is the part we hope KENT heard before he passed away, for it is the essence of what these two men mean to us:

. . . the story of their love will be discussed and marveled over for generations to come. The residue of their love will leave a perpetual glow in the hearts of the thousands of men lucky enough to have met them.

In so very many ways, KENT has been and always will be an inspiration to this magazine. As a matter of fact, I am inspired by him every day as I look out upon his tree. You see, a couple of years ago, a group of very generous subscribers and contributors donated money to help us landscape our two acres here in the Mojave Desert. Each donor got to adopt a tree; KENT's and THE COLONEL's trees stand just outside my office window. They're both Mondale pines and stand about twenty feet now. When they were around eight feet, I accidentally broke off the top of KENT's tree with a hose. I was so angry at myself that I cried, sure that the tree wouldn't grow any taller. But it did. The trunk sent a branch straight up and now you have to look closely to see the scar. Every day since KENT passed away I look at his tree as I work on the magazine. Every day, I am inspired to never let up—to keep doing it better than the last time . . . just for KENT, our GUIDING LIGHT.

If you would like to help one of the organizations that were so very helpful and kind to KENT and THE COLONEL, tax deductible donations should be sent

IN LOVING MEMORY OF KENT JUSTICE

to:

Mississippi HIV-PWA Project
P.O. Box 1271
Biloxi, MS 39533-1271

On behalf of THE COLONEL, we wish to thank all those who supplied loving moral support--especially the wonderful neighbors and friends who helped him take care of KENT. Readers who wish to offer condolences to THE COLONEL may write to him in care of CR. Those men who have gone through the loss of a lifemate are especially encouraged to write.

IN CLOSING

The last quarter of this year has been one hell of a roller coaster ride. I've experienced the extreme of just about every emotion in the books, and I truly believe that I have been altered. Today is December 18, 1991, and I sit here in a partial daze. It seems that I've shed more tears during these past two months than during my entire previous 51 years. Yet an odd peace of mind has taken hold of me; my perception of life is not the same as it was three months ago. My skin is much thicker, but my heart is softer. It finally occurred to me that the ultimate gift is love and understanding; the ultimate weapon, success.

THE FRIAR'S OUTING

In October, we were made aware of the fact that THE FRIAR's last name had been published in a magazine whose editor had promised never to publish it "out of respect for an old friend" and because he knew the harm it could cause. This editor has spent several years trying to bait me into a publicity bonanza feud. Insulting, libeling and accusing me of every heinous act imaginable hasn't given him much notoriety in CR, so apparently he decided to go for broke. It's unfortunate for him, however, that most decent men don't take kindly to an editor who hides behind a pseudonym (and who never mentions the last name of his *own* lover) as he vindictively **outs** an "old friend" whose only crime was to fall in love with me and become my life partner.

THE PRIME TIMERS AFFAIR

Next came the fallout from my previous IN CLOSING about the PRIME TIMERS Convention in Provincetown. I had an idea that PT's founder might be uncomfortable about certain aspects of my article, but I had no idea that he would be upset with *me*. When I received his initial letter, I was stunned, for he obviously felt that I had deliberately tried to hurt PT--that I had betrayed him. The bitterness and kill-the-messenger tone really caught me off guard. My article was *far* from being mean-spirited, and any criticism was intended to be the loving, constructive variety. Moreover, the piece was quite factual and well-documented, and I went to great lengths to be as diplomatic as possible about some negative aspects, censoring the most provocative.

I responded and carefully outlined the facts as they related to his complaints; I reminded him that one or two PT people were responsible for all the negative aspects--that the general tone of the article was upbeat and that he had been praised personally. I related that, according to the mail and telephone calls we received, the PT rank-and-file thought I wrote a balanced, honest article. I gave him dates of letters and the means to verify what I was saying. It must be assumed that no verification effort was ever undertaken, however, because his position remains unchanged, even after the flurry of about seven letters back and forth. Worse, our relationship seems to have degenerated and it leaves everyone concerned heartsick.

We published what we believe to be an accurate, fair review of the convention. We verified information with multiple sources. When we mentioned a name, it had praise attached to it. Our intentions were NOT to hurt the PRIME TIMERS organization or embarrass any official, and we regret that the PT founder saw the article as a personal attack. Since I publish every single non-wacko complaint CR receives *and listen very carefully to my cofounders*, I just assumed that PT had broad enough shoulders to take a little criticism. And since I helped found PRIME TIMERS and have given them thousands of dollars worth of free advertising, I just assumed that I had the right to criticize. Silly me. I guess I wasn't the VIP I thought I was.

So, are CR and the PT brass (as opposed to rank-and-file) estranged? Well, I have no intention of printing a retraction, so the above response will have to do for a step in the right direction for us. And I figure an apology to a horribly mistreated John McNeill (the high point of the entire convention) might be a good step in the right direction for PT. Do the PRIME TIMERS rank-and-file guys have anything to say in the matter? Now might be a good time for your opinions to be heard by your leadership.

KENT JUSTICE

Then came the tragic loss of KENT JUSTICE. KENT's passing instilled in us a sense of bleakness, confusion and despair. Against that backdrop, normally bearable incidents became intolerable. THE FRIAR, having seen so much more untimely death in his lifetime than I, wisely reconciled himself and sadly returned to his routine. But I couldn't, so I became depressed and angry, setting myself up for a rocky road ahead.

A TRIP TO ODESSA

And just when I thought things couldn't get much worse, I received a call that my 72-year-old mother had been rushed to a hospital in Odessa, Texas. At first my cousins and aunts told me that she would be okay, but I became suspicious when I talked to the nurses at the CCU ward. One soon confided that Mom had become worse, and I headed for the airport. Before boarding my flight, a cousin told me on the phone that Mom was slipping rapidly and that the doctors wanted permission to put her on a respirator. And then I was told the truth: that she had only a slim chance to survive.

On the plane I avoided dwelling on it. It was as if I had fallen into a trance; as I changed planes in Phoenix, I couldn't fathom my cool numbness. I wondered why I wasn't being eaten alive by anxiety. I vaguely remember landing at Midland International, renting a car, and driving to the hospital. I prayed that she was still alive. It was near midnight, but the emergency room was bustling with activity, enabling me to slip in and up to the double doors of the Cardiac Care Unit. Inside, I found myself in the midst of two doctors and five nurses, all of whom were distracted from the patient video and heart monitors by my abrupt entry. I stammered my mother's last name and three of the nurses smiled.

"She's in room seven, and she's expecting you," said one.

I walked into the dimly lit room and saw the pitiful form of my mother, reaching out for me. She tried to speak, but the respirator prevented it. Unable to reach her because of all the i.v. lines and monitor wires, I kissed her hand and told her that I loved her.

She excitedly reached for a note pad and wrote: "They told me you were coming. I didn't want you to know. I didn't want to worry you."

My mother, who suffers from diabetes, emphysema, heart failure and hypertension, has been miraculously snatched from the abyss of death twice in the last four years. This last time was due to a quick-thinking critical care specialist, who was called in as my mother's heart became bombarded with clusters of PVCs and a constant atrial fibrillation. Her lungs had begun to fail and she was filled with fluids due to her failed heart. They placed her in a medically induced coma before they installed the respirator. Almost immediately, she began to respond, and pulmonary treatment was begun.

Within 48 hours, the respirator was replaced by an oxygen mask and she was back to almost being her mischievous, cantankerous, female Don Rickles self—or so she tried to project. Unfortunately, she had suffered some brain, lung and heart damage. The three doctors I talked to couldn't explain what happened to her. Was it just bad eating habits resulting in the flare-up of her heart failure? No, she hadn't gained that much weight. Besides, it was too sudden. A minor stroke? The arrhythmia? An accidental overdose of Darvocet, which her regular doctor prescribed for arthritis pain? No. Only two pills were missing from the vial. A combination of all? None of the doctors knew, and all changed the subject when I asked why Darvocet would be given to a woman who almost died four years ago of complications associated with heart failure and emphysema. But then what *would* they say with the prescribing doctor standing right there, looking at me with a funny expression on his face?

After she survived the scare of four years ago and a recent hip surgery, I was urged by the family to have Mom placed in a rest home, but she had other ideas. She loves her house and her dogs and managed to become more-or-less self-sufficient with a little help from her friends and our family. She was just about to meet her goal of total independence when this setback happened.

So now what? Before I reluctantly left her to return to California, she made me promise not to have her committed to a rest home. I balked, only to have my attention pulled to her heart monitor, which register a cluster of frightening irregularities. "I'll die," she said. I told her that I would do only that which made her happy, and the jagged lines on the monitor became more uniform. She smiled and said that she wanted to go home to her dogs.

When I arrived back home, I found The Friar miserable with a bad cold and a massive stack of mail waiting to be processed. While nursing him back to health, I went through the array of hats involved in putting out this magazine: accountant, secretary, file clerk, salesman, production man, art director, editor, mail room clerk, retail distributor, mail order filler, photographer, errand boy, writer, publisher. Reluctantly, I attacked the stack of mail until my hands and legs began to cramp, then exercised before starting in on finishing this issue.

A few days days ago, the nurses at CCU told me that Mom's PVCs had diminished and that her blood gasses had improved. The mask was replaced by a tube feeding oxygen through her nostrils, and she was moved to a private room. Unfortunately, the medication never stopped the atrial fibrillation (300 beats a minutes, compared to 75 ventricular), so Mom and I agreed that the cardiologist should try electroversion, or the shocking of the heart. Sometimes this restores normal heart rhythm, but it can also unleash a blood clot from the top of the heart and cause a stroke . . . or worse. Again, I prepared to fly back if there were complications, but she came through it like a trooper. The electroversion was a success; her heartbeat returned to normal and the doctors promised her that she will be home for Christmas.

A GIANT LEAP FORWARD

The day after I got that wonderful news, I signed a contract with PDC (see BOOKSTORES in this issue), one of the most prestigious international distributors in the world. Our press run will double for the next issue and quadruple for the June 92 issue. By the middle of next year, our readership should be near 150,000, and we will again be the front runner of mature men's magazines.

The signing of the contract was a memorable occasion. I met with PDC's National Circulation Director at the Liberation Publications offices in Hollywood. You know Liberation Publications. They own *The Advocate* (and other magazines), Malibu Sales and PDC. I was immediately impressed. The personnel are quite diverse: gays, lesbians, bisexuals, heterosexuals, black, white, Hispanic, Asian. I was introduced to all the key people and finally came face-to-face with The Advocate's Editor-in-Chief, Richard Rouilard, the object of EXOCET's wrath in Issue #44. Had he read it? Yes. Was he offended? No. He has thick skin. As the tall, handsome man stood and warmly shook my hand, I could sense the reasons why he had so impressed publications like *Time* and the *Los Angeles Times* after *The Advocate*'s recent circulation surge. And then it occurred to me that this organization *does* care about things like gerontophobia and ageism. The proof lies in the fact that *I was there*, signing a contract that could possibly push us to the top. They obviously believe in CHIRON RISING and care about our readers.

Will we change our views on subjects like OUTING and RADICAL GAY POLITICS? No.

Will we change our policy on criticism? Yes. As you can see from the PRIME TIMERS fiasco, sometimes criticism can damage relationships. As in the case of *The Advocate*, it can become overkill. Besides, it's just not professional to criticize other publications. I'm now leaning toward limiting our criticism to trends and works of entertainment submitted to us for review. And before someone jumps at the charge . . . no, I am not *compelled* to lay off because of the contract, nor was I advised to silence my criticism.

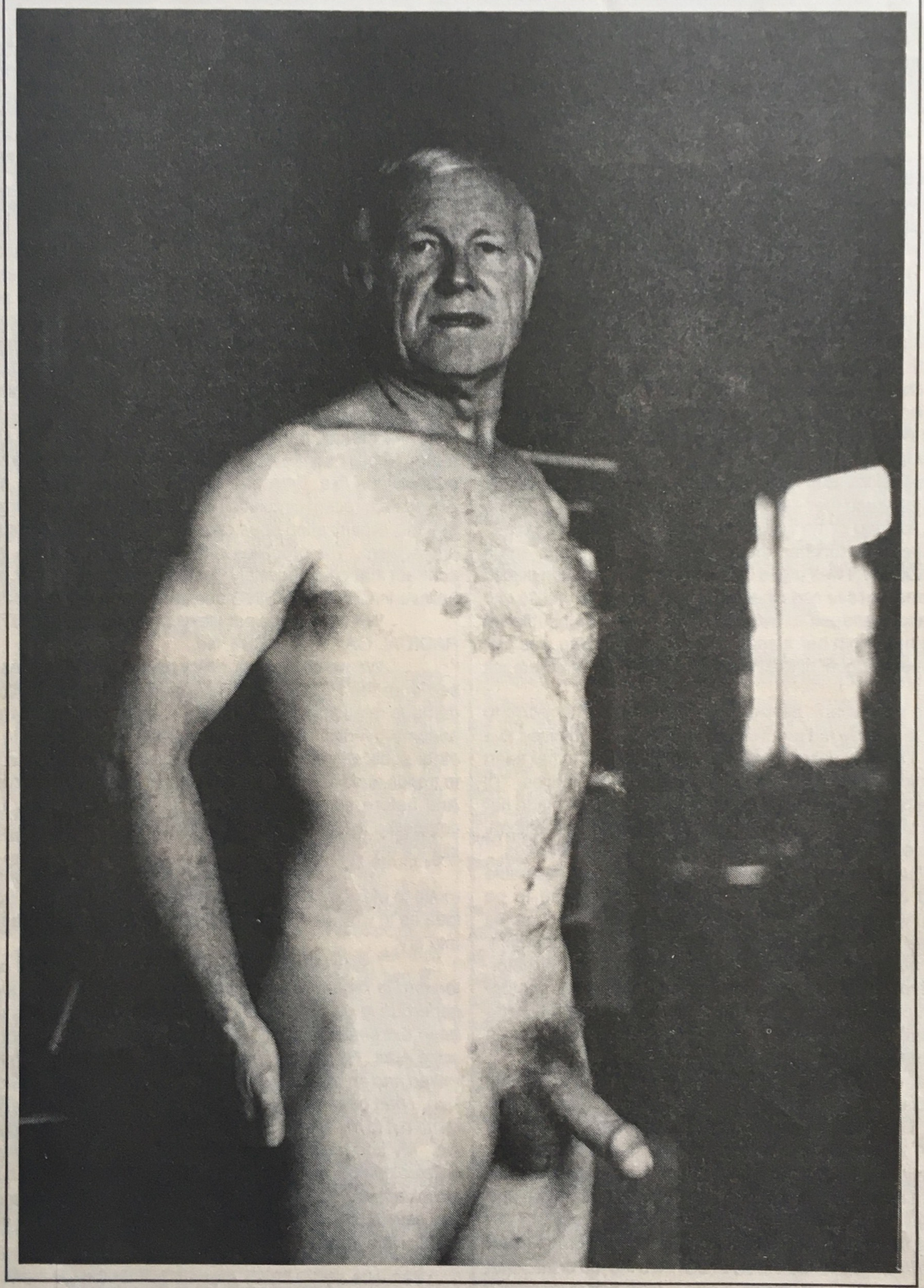
Will success spoil Pat and The Friar? Will we sell out and move to Mexico? Perhaps the following letter will give you some idea as to why we have no intention of leaving our readers high and dry:

I can't tell you how much we enjoy CR. We both look forward to receiving your publication, and you have been most generous to us. Especially in light of the fact that this year has been extremely difficult. My roommate, Don, has not worked since April. He just had his 3rd surgery since then. I have been retired and on disability from the state government. Before I met Don, I had been married for 26 years. My wife died in '82 and I came out to my family. The children have decided they don't know me. My son hasn't talked to me since 1985. The girls got an unlisted number in 1989. But my honey and I have been together since January, 1986. Isn't love grand? I love him so much. May you have a blessed and Merry Christmas. Our love to you both. J & D, New York

And much love to you all.
Pat and The Friar

BUD TWO

a self portrait



This San Diego senior is active in all recreation/outdoor activities and enjoys traveling and quality friendships. Sincerity and honesty are given and expected in return. BUD TWO is one incredibly exceptional man and the guy who lands him will be only lucky fella.

ORDER FORM

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE EXCEPT JAPAN	JAPAN
6 months (3 bi-monthly issues), starting with _____.	$ 21.00	$ 26.00	$ 32.00
1 year (6 bi-monthly issues), starting with _____.	38.00	50.00	62.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE EXCEPT JAPAN	JAPAN
1990: OCT, DEC (ALL OTHERS SOLD OUT)	2.00 EACH	5.00 EACH	7.00 EACH
1991: FEB, APR, #42, #43, #44, #46	3.00 EACH	6.00 EACH	8.00 EACH

SPECIAL ISSUES

NOVEMBER 90 (SANCTUM)	5.00	8.00	10.00
MAY 91 (MOONFINCH)#41	5.00	8.00	10.00
NOVEMBER 91 (ZONES) #45	11.00	14.00	16.00

IMPORTANT:

1) Because of risk of customs confiscation, we now ship to Japan and Great Britain via Air Mail Correspondence rate, which is more expensive than our usual Air Mail Printed Matter rate. All issues are shipped in separate envelopes. We are not, however, responsible for confiscation by customs officials.

2) If you live in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Nebraska, Texas, Tennessee or Utah, you must be a subscriber in order to receive the NOVEMBER 90 SPECIAL ISSUE. In all other states, it is available to everyone. All other special issues are available to all. THIS FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. NO EXCEPTIONS.

3) U.S. orders for three or more back issues are mailed via Priority Mail. Since multiple issue packages are often reported as never received, we will not guarantee delivery of larger envelopes unless you request special handling and include an additional $2.00 to cover certified and return receipt fees.

4) The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan and Great Britain). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864 Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUALLY ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED. I WILL NOT GIVE AWAY OR SELL THIS MATERIAL TO ANOTHER.

SIGNED:_____

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #48(APR 92) NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 15, 1992

Personal ads for both subscribers and non-subscribers are now priced at 30 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10. Codewords (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you--subscribers only) are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Type or print clearly. Use attachment if more space needed. Do not abbreviate, except as noted below):

AD CLOSING or CODEWORD: (State the name and address or codeword you want to appear in the ad.)

NOTE: If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues

YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____

Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____

Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____

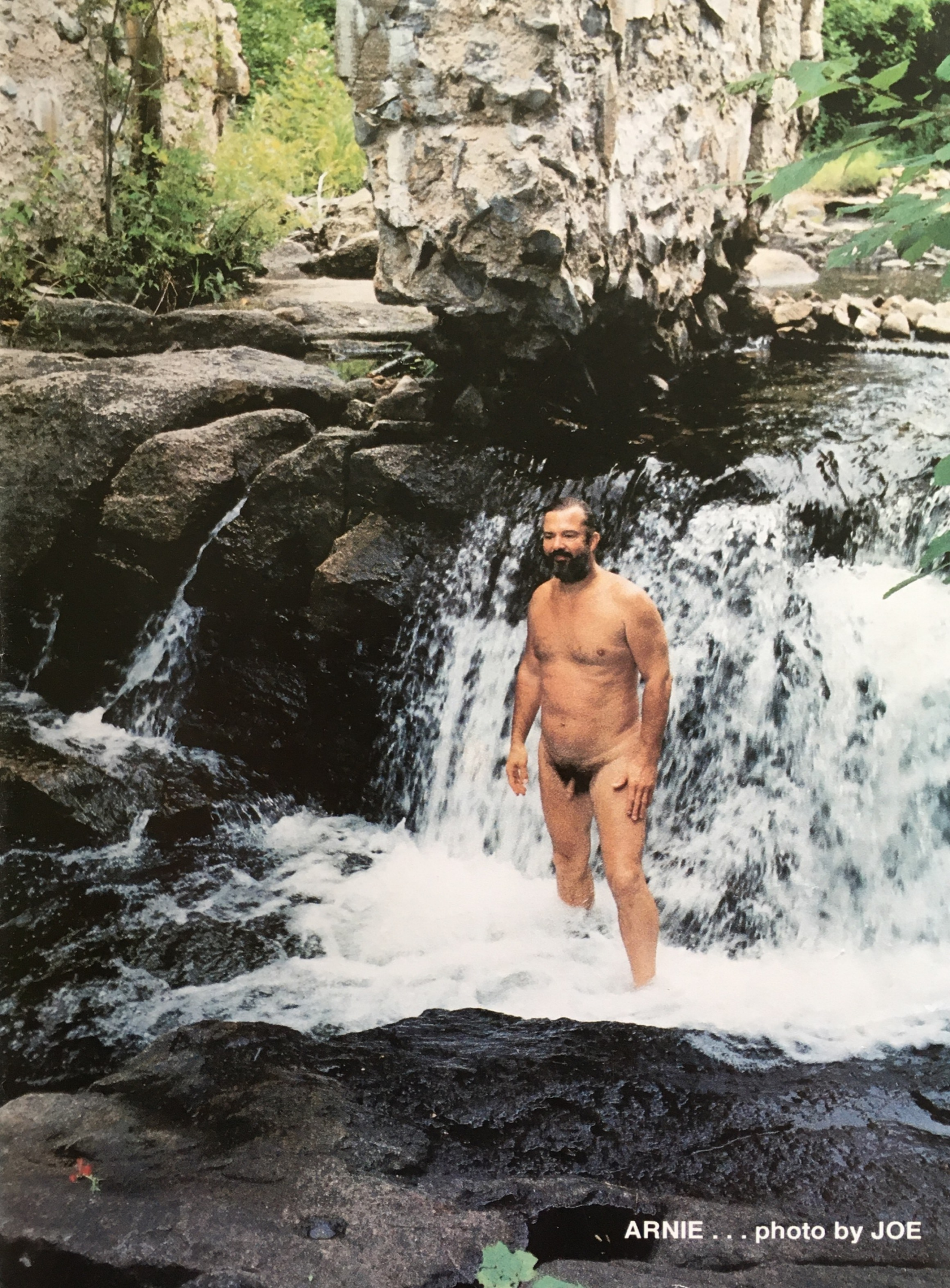
TOTAL REMITTANCE $_____

NOTE: Abbreviations GWM, HIV, P.O. and two-letter state symbols are the only abbreviations allowed and each counts as one word. Number series (age, weight, height, endowment, P.O. box numbers, addresses, apartment numbers, zip codes and telephone numbers) count as one word each. We refuse to print descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

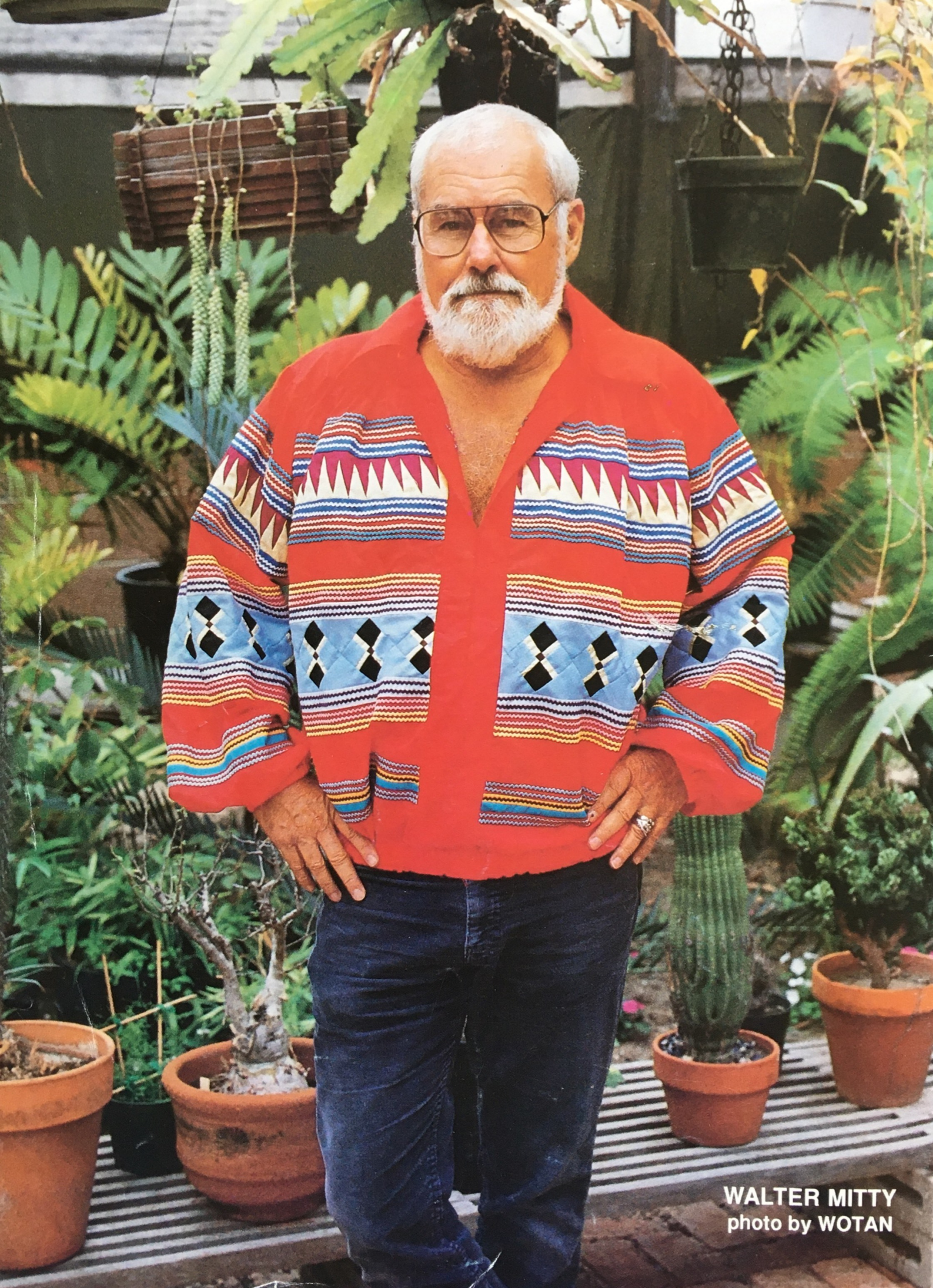
I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.

(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.



ARNIE . . . photo by JOE



WALTER MITTY
photo by WOTAN